

JUN 26 1922

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COURTSHIP AT THE ZOO (Illustrated). By F. Martin Duncan.

COUNTRY LIFE

AVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

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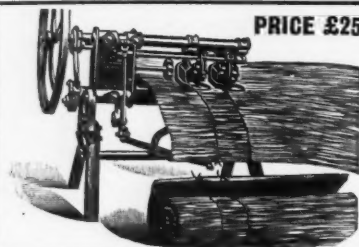
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COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

THE SAVING OF WATER

ENGLAND, as we are beginning to realise in what promises to be a scarcity of rain equal to that of 1921, is not organised for the purpose of economising in water. Our ancestors laughed at the need to do so. A rustic proverb that, if we mistake not, goes back to the days of Queen Elizabeth is that "Drought never yet brought dearth to England." In consequence of the feeling of security indicated by that saying, very little attention has been paid to the saving of water. Last year found out our weakness in this respect. Large country houses equipped with baths of the most modern construction had perforce either to have the water carried or do without it. At the time, we published the approximate number of mansions and entire villages that had to depend on springs. We have not the figures by us at the moment, but they were enormous. The waterworks in towns like Glasgow, Leeds, Sheffield and Liverpool make available the whole output of various rivers and lakes, with a vast machinery for storing and transporting it, yet even here last year there was more than a threat of a water famine, and it promises to be repeated this year. It behoves everyone, therefore, to find out ways and means of utilising whatever supply is available.

First of all, there should be as frugal a use of it as is consistent with health and cleanliness. In the next place, attention should be directed to the means of utilising

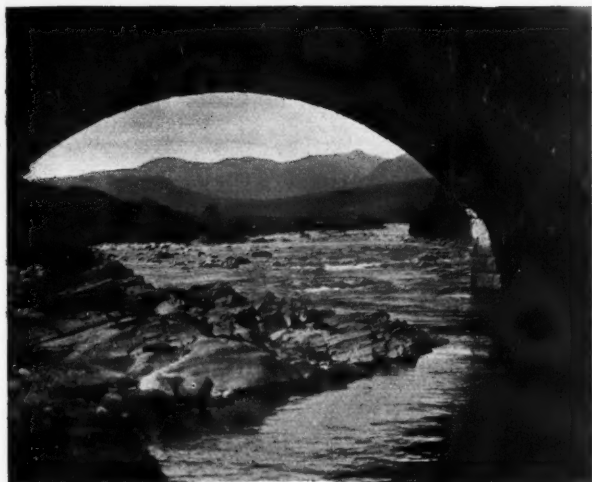
waste water. Of this the great bulk is traceable to the increased use of baths. Few recognise how very modern these larger baths are, yet it is well within the remembrance of many Cambridge dons and professors that on a certain occasion, when it was proposed to put baths in the sleeping apartments, a high official asked: "Why, what need have the men of baths? They are only here for six weeks or so at a time." Nowadays a state of things like that seems to be incredible. Even cottages are not considered complete without a bath as an aid to comfort and cleanliness. In moderately large houses it is customary to have several baths and in many great mansions a bath for every bedroom. Hotels and clubs have followed this example, and in the more recently built a bath for every bedroom is a common arrangement.

If anyone takes the trouble to think what an enormous quantity of water is utilised for this purpose they will be startled. In many ordinary households every member has a hot or cold bath daily, and some prefer two. The water in each case is run off into the drains with the ordinary sewerage. Yet it might be most advantageously utilised for the purpose of watering the grounds or garden. Of course, this is a matter affecting only a portion of the city inhabitants. A great proportion of them have, in the first place, no flower garden, vegetable garden, lawns or trees to be watered. Those who live in flats probably take as many baths as their neighbours, but they have no gardens. They buy what flowers or what other garden products are required, and that part of the problem is solved as far as they are concerned.

Where many baths are used in houses or institutions with land attached to them the case is very different. Take our numerous golf clubs. Most of them have very good gardens that serve the purpose both of use and ornament. Not many of them save their bath water for use on the land. Yet the problem of doing so does not present as much difficulty as, say, the saving of liquid manure, which is now thought requisite in good dairy farming. The plan adopted is to put up a tank varying in size to suit the requirements of the place and the quantity to be stored. There is no need to have this at a depth more than is just sufficient for the drains to run into it. The tanks can and have to be made perfectly hygienic, but that problem is very satisfactorily solved. It would be easier still in the case of bath water. The arrangement in use at present is to run this water by a separate pipe into the drains. It can easily be collected in a tank, from which it can be drawn when needed. If it were properly placed, a little engine and a modern plant for watering would enable the owner or occupier to give his lawn, ground, vegetables and flowers a watering every day that would not differ in any essentials from a shower of rain. Many of those who are really interested either in the cultivation of flowers, the growing of vegetables, the upkeep of lawns, or the freshening of trees, have already found a way of utilising the hitherto wasted water in a manner to make their grounds like a green oasis in the desert. It is astonishing how helpless the majority of people are when faced with an unexpected difficulty. The occurrence of two dry seasons in succession does not destroy the remembrance of the drenching rains in every month of the year which this climate of ours is in the habit of producing. It is more often a difficulty to get rid of the surplus rain water than it is to have to economise in the use of waste water. If, however, any considerable number of people would take the matter up and make the necessary enquiries as to the machinery and plant required, the custom would grow. The essentials are that the system should be simple and effective and not too dear; cheapness, in fact, should be of the very essence of the contract, because otherwise in a drenching wet summer the owner would be apt to meditate bitterly on the amount of capital that he had locked up in what was apparently superfluous plant.

Our Frontispiece

LADY MARY HOPE, the only daughter of the Dowager Marchioness of Linlithgow and sister of the present Marquess, was presented at Their Majesties' Drawing-room last week.



COUNTRY NOTES

THE wild roses now hanging in all their beauty on the hedges and thickets remind us that Wednesday, June 21st, is Rose Day. It was chosen as an anniversary on which to collect hospital funds by a happy inspiration of Queen Alexandra. It was the sore need of the hospitals that inspired Her Majesty, and the idea was taken up with great enthusiasm. The sight of a regiment of fair women in their summer attire selling pink roses to the passers-by adds a seasonable and beautiful charm to the streets. Her Majesty had the further thought of sending roses from Sandringham, the house in Norfolk built for herself and the late King Edward VII. It may be called a home of roses. The rose garden is one of the most beautiful in England, and outside the garden roses are grown plenteously. In order to help the movement, Queen Alexandra is this year going to make two bouquets of Sandringham roses and send them to Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods to be put up for auction. They are likely to fetch a good price, first because the hearts of people have been stirred by the plight of our hospitals and everybody is greatly desirous of having their monetary position improved. A consideration of almost equal weight with many people will be the opportunity of acquiring a souvenir from the gardens of Sandringham, plucked by Her Majesty's hands for the purpose of helping those most needful and meritorious funds. The roses will be sold simultaneously at two sales in Christie's rooms, King Street, St. James's, on June 21st, and the full amount obtained for the bouquets will be handed to the Fund.

AN open letter signed by Lord Crewe, Chairman of the Live Stock Defence Committee; Sir Merrik R. Burrell, the Hon. Treasurer; and the Secretary, Mr. J. P. Goodwin, has been addressed to the Dominion of Canada on the part of the Live Stock Defence Committee. It is so beautifully and persuasively written that we cannot do wrong in attributing the composition to the deft and engaging mind of the Marquess of Crewe. It puts the case against admitting Canadian cattle into this country as plausibly, as courteously and as amicably as can be wished. The pity of it is that Lord Crewe does not take a holiday in Canada and say, face to face, to our Canadian friends what is said in this letter. The chief point in it is that "once the door is opened to let in the healthy cattle from the Dominion of Canada every other country in the world which can show an apparent freedom from disease will clamour to be admitted, and cannot well be excluded." That is the central point of the argument, but it will not bear examination. We are not threatened with an invasion of cattle from all the countries in the world. They do not all form part of the British Empire as Canada does.

NO mention is made of what is to be done with regard to Ireland, which, if all goes well, will shortly be on exactly the same basis as Canada. Is Lord Crewe going to exclude or include Ireland? It is impossible to plead the healthiness of the livestock in that country. At any rate, nobody who has been there recently would attempt to do so. Those responsible for the care of the herds and flocks, under the thrills and horrors of war, have been most irregular in their attendance, and if neglect and bad conditions are favourable to cattle disease, then assuredly it will not be looked for in vain in the Emerald Isle. The spokesmen of the Live Stock Defence Committee ought to state in the clearest possible terms that they are going to make no difference in the treatment of Ireland and Canada in regard to the admission of store cattle. At present, no precautions are taken to prevent the introduction of disease from Ireland. There is no quarantine, and though the animals are inspected before being put on board ship, any disease that has not yet developed so far as to be traceable by inspection can pass into this country as easily as possible. If no Canadian cattle are to be admitted, then no Irish cattle should be either! The logic of this is beyond all question.

ON Monday, at Windsor Castle, ten of the disbanded Irish regiments handed over their Colours to the keeping of His Majesty, who accepted their custody in a touching and appropriate speech. We have only to run over the names of the Royal Irish, the Connaught Rangers, the Prince of Wales' Leinsters (Royal Canadians), the Royal Munster and Royal Dublin Fusiliers, to feel that clarion call which seethed in the brain of Sir Philip Sidney whenever he heard the ballad of "Chevy Chase." These Colours, as the King said, "are the record of valorous deeds in war and of the glorious traditions thereby created." He went on to say that the regiments parted with them "for reasons beyond your control and resistance." "Auld Lang Syne" for these stout companies has been played for the last time. The South Irish Horse, not possessing Colours, presented in memory of their service a regimental engraving. It was a ceremony that created an atmosphere of ill-omen, as though it foreshadowed worse days to come.

ST. SIMPLETON.

I walked two miles from Highcomb Croft
And wandered on through Dengate Wood;
The thrush sang loud, the blackbird made
Wild music in that solitude
Of beech and birch and oaken spray—
But where I was I could not say.

At last I met an ancient man
A-chopping wood among the fern,
His face was smooth as antique mask
Of satyr on a sculptured urn;
He did not know where Highcomb stood
Nor whether this was Dengate Wood.

Then was I glad in heart and soul,
Finding all joy in this man's face,
So smooth and young though he had dwelt
Sixty green summers in this place;
A man free of the fume and fuss
That wrinkles all the rest of us.

I praise God for the month of May
And for the leafier month of June,
But for that man I fain would sing
In praise to Him a merrier tune,
Who did not know where Highcomb stood
Nor whether this was Dengate Wood.

R. B. INCE.

THE appointment of the new Slade Professor of Art at Oxford has already achieved results which justify the hope that a revival in the direction of respect of the ancients is working in that most heretical centre of thought, and similarly all over the country. An exhibition of undergraduate work, which for several years has been held unofficially, has now been recognised by the University and lodged in the magnificent Ashmolean galleries. The

question, however, is whether Oxford is to develop a school of enlightened criticism or to open a real art school; for our part we incline to the former. Until the Slade Professor can rely on a more substantial salary, and funds are available for instructors and the setting up of a regular school, it seems that the more immediate result could be achieved. Men do not go to Oxford with the primary intention of studying art; but they read history, literature and æsthetics, and many of them feel the need of instruction in a combination of these subjects, which could easily be supplied, to the great advantage of informed criticism, for which there is at present no recognised place of preparation.

HARD lawn tennis courts are no doubt an incalculable boon, but they also require a proportional amount of attention. The various makes of courts may differ in the frequency with which they need watering and rolling, but no type has yet been evolved that can bear frost and remain playable next day. At this juncture, when not only are thousands of people in straitened circumstances owing to the depreciation in the value of rubber shares, but the State also appreciably poorer through loss of income tax, and the producing colonies faced by serious unemployment, it is most desirable to spare no effort in the attempt to discover new uses for rubber. Surely a rubber composition, like that used in shoe soles—at once elastic and durable, fibrous, but watertight—is a commercial possibility for permanent tennis courts. It should need little attention, and if laid on a very slight slope, imperceptible to the player, could easily be drained of moisture. If the initial cost was more than that of a brickdust court, the additional expense would be saved in a few months out of groundsman's wages, and it would be very pleasant to play on.

IT will be exactly a century in July since the founding of the Royal Academy of Music by a group of wealthy amateurs, including Lord Burghersh, Sir John Murray and Sir Andrew Barnard, with twenty students. There are now over seven hundred students from all parts of the Empire, and many more, now exercising their gifts in distant latitudes, owe their training to the Academy. Nearer home Sir Henry Wood is an ex-student, while the memory of the veteran President, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, stretches back to days when the Academy was anything but prosperous, before Sterndale Bennett came to its rescue in 1867. Sir Alexander remembers the time when Schumann and Brahms were considered "wild" composers, and had the privilege, as a long-haired boy of fourteen, of playing in the orchestra at Weimar under Liszt. To-day the Academy is perhaps primarily devoted to the assistance of British music, and celebrations are to be held next month in the Æolian Hall.

THERE are few festivals more dependent on fine weather than "Commem" at Oxford, which is still to come, and the May Week at Cambridge, now in full swing. Cambridge should therefore be very grateful for the sunshine it enjoyed last week. Jesus kept its place at the head of the river, though it might possibly have been in jeopardy if it had ever been pursued by Pembroke. Pembroke, however, never quite succeeded in its desperate endeavours to catch First Trinity, who thus played the part of a buffer between probably the two fastest boats on the river. Jesus has good reason to be pleased with itself. The second boat finished seventh in the first division, and the third gained its oars by making a bump every night. Certainly no college has a greater rowing tradition, and it seems now to be almost as pre-eminent as it was in the eighties. On the other hand, Trinity Hall, who reigned for so long a while after Jesus at last succumbed, has to-day fallen from its high estate. It is now very low in the first division, and was bumped by Queens', a fate that would make some old Hall oarsmen turn in their graves, even though Queens' is much to be congratulated on doing so gallantly.

AT the goodly age of four-score years Viscount Cobham, the head of the famous Lyttelton family, has passed away. He filled a notable and worthy place in society.

As a landlord he received a tribute as substantial as any that was ever paid to a man in his position. When landlordism was having a bad time and tenant farmers were doing well, those on his estate, without any prompting, arranged among themselves to make an offer to pay an increased rent of 25 per cent. on their holdings. It was their way of showing how well they recognised the advantage of renting land from a good landlord. Lord Cobham had gone through the experience necessary to fill competently such a position. He was, in his college days, an excellent cricketer, like most of his name. He headed the Cambridge batting averages in 1863 and 1864, and was a good wicket-keeper. His Parliamentary career began in 1868, when he entered Parliament for East Leicestershire as a Liberal. In 1876, on his father's death, he became a Member of the House of Lords. In 1889 he succeeded to the Viscounty of Cobham on the death of his distant kinsman, the last Duke of Buckingham. He loved the country, and remained at Hagley in times when a great many people were getting out of large houses. His home supplied him with all the pleasures he needed. Above everything else he liked to manage his own estate and shoot his own game. He had a scholar's love of rare books and a connoisseur's of fine paintings. The collections of both in his house were extremely choice if not very numerous.

A TRIBUTE.

'E's got a kind of somethink about 'im,
I dunno wot it is;
But it mikes yer feel foine—
As if yer'd plyed the gaine
And mide yerself a naime—
That's jest the little wy 'e 'as about 'im.

Maybe, 'e's jest a pal to orl the world,
'E's 'uman that 'e is,
Yet ev'ry inch a toff.
I've shook 'im by the 'and,
And don't I arf feel grand—
'E's prince and pal, that's wot yer feels about 'im.

M. G. MEUGENS.

ONE of the most refined and ingenious propaganda methods we have come across is that of the Great Western Railway. In order to quicken the interest we all feel in the romantic West of England, Cornwall, Devon, Wales, little pamphlets have been got out with clever illustrations and a delightful text to tell once more the legendary stories of the West. At St. Michael's Mount, as all the wise people know, there was once a great forest called "Caraclowse in Cowse," and the Mount itself was built by giants, of whom Cormoran was one. He wished to erect a stronghold rising above the trees, and set to work to collect huge stones from the neighbouring hills. He found the work hard, so he commandeered the service of his giant wife, Cormelian, and gave her the most toilsome of the labour. How they quarrelled; how she deceived him and how they made it up constitutes the legend. There is another about the patron saint of Wales, St. David. His see, St. David's, is a unique little village city, the smallest cathedral city in the United Kingdom. If when you visit it you carry the pamphlet with you, you may sit on a stone and read the whole story of St. David, and how the beautiful Non was carried off when she was picking flowers on a lonely part of the hillside.

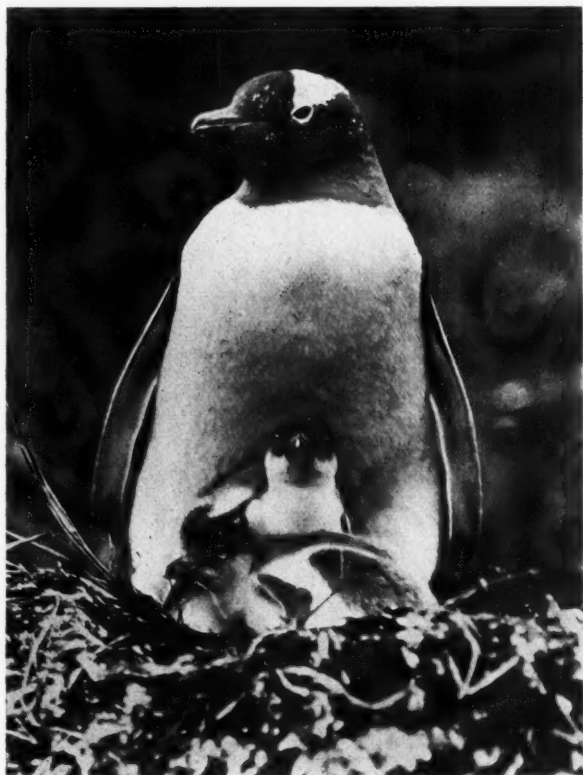
IN regard to the waste of water, commented upon in our Leader, a correspondent to a morning contemporary suggests several minor ways in which a saving of water could be effected. The first is that ordinary repairs, washers, etc., to householders' taps should be done without charge by the water authority. Some of the water companies set up an effective check in the shape of a water meter. That is only a remedy for waste due to defective fittings, but is better than prosecuting householders. The other idea is that systematic night inspection should be applied, but this would involve more officials or more work for those existing.

THE average golfer is all too painfully conscious of the difference between match play and score play. In a match he may be as bold as a lion, but put a card and pencil in his pocket and he becomes, too often, paralysed and impotent. He is apt to think that the professional is hardened against these terrors, and therefore he will feel a great deal of sympathy with Abe Mitchell; who is human and amateurish enough to prefer, all too clearly, a match to a medal. With his victory over Ray at Gleneagles, last Saturday, he has made his record in big match play

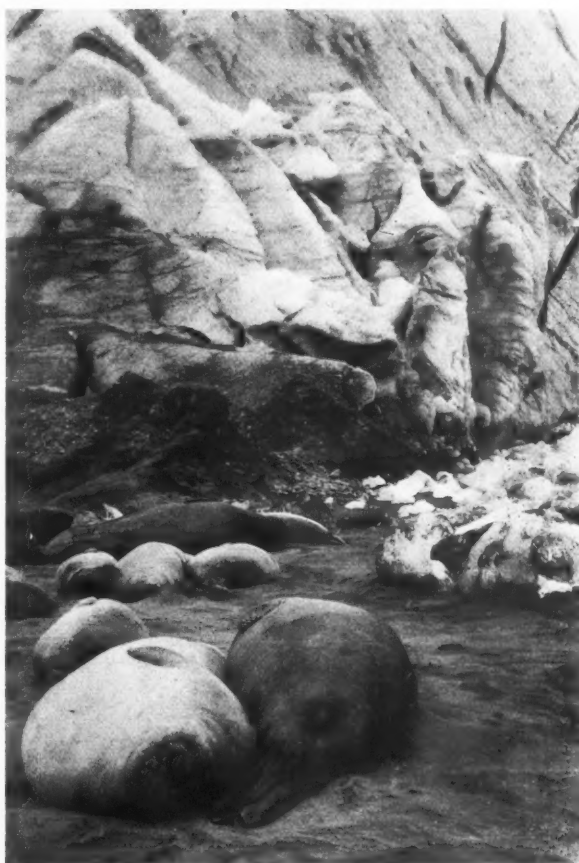
tournaments a remarkable one. In the last two years or so there have been six such outstanding tournaments. Mitchell has played in five and won four of them—a wonderful achievement. From the point of view of next week's Open Championship, when we want all our native champions at their best against the invaders, we should have preferred Mitchell to have triumphed in stroke play, but in any case this win of his should give him back much of the confidence in which he has lately been rather lacking.

THE VOYAGE OF THE QUEST

“HERE we are, home again! Doesn't it make you feel good to be back again?” The reader might be forgiven for deeming these words to have come from some modern Odysseus entering an English port after much wandering in stormy seas. He would be mistaken. The exclamation was heard by Commander Wild as his ship was reaching pack ice. The speaker was Macleod, a veteran of two previous expeditions, speaking to McIlroy. Home for such men is the mighty Antarctic wilderness, where a sea nearly three miles in depth is a cold waste of floes and icebergs, inhabited by wild birds, whales and fish. Who goes exploring in it must be prepared for the hardest suffering, perhaps the most painful death. Yet the words show that Great Britain still breeds the sort of man who is drawn to Polar exploration by its very dangers and discomforts. Men of that temperament were naturally attracted to Shackleton. He was one of them and a king of explorers. It is therefore most fitting that his bones should be laid to rest at the “Gate of the Atlantic,” that is to say, the little cemetery at South Georgia used as a burial place for seamen since 1846. It is true that few will be the passers-by, few the visitors to his tomb. Its population consists mostly of Norwegian whalers and includes only one woman. Nor could any clergyman be found to conduct the funeral service. After the Norwegians had sung a verse of their funeral hymn, Mr. Binnie read part of the Service for the Burial of the Dead, and all present repeated the Lord's Prayer. Then the Norwegians sang the second verse of their funeral hymn, and six ex-Service men from Shetland, who have taken to whaling, shouldered the coffin and bore it to the grave, which they reached after crossing many little mountain streams and many piles of whalebone. At the graveside the Norwegians sang the third verse of their funeral hymn. Mr. Binnie read



A GENTOO PENGUIN AND YOUNG.



ICE ELEPHANTS AT THE EDGE OF THE GLACIER.

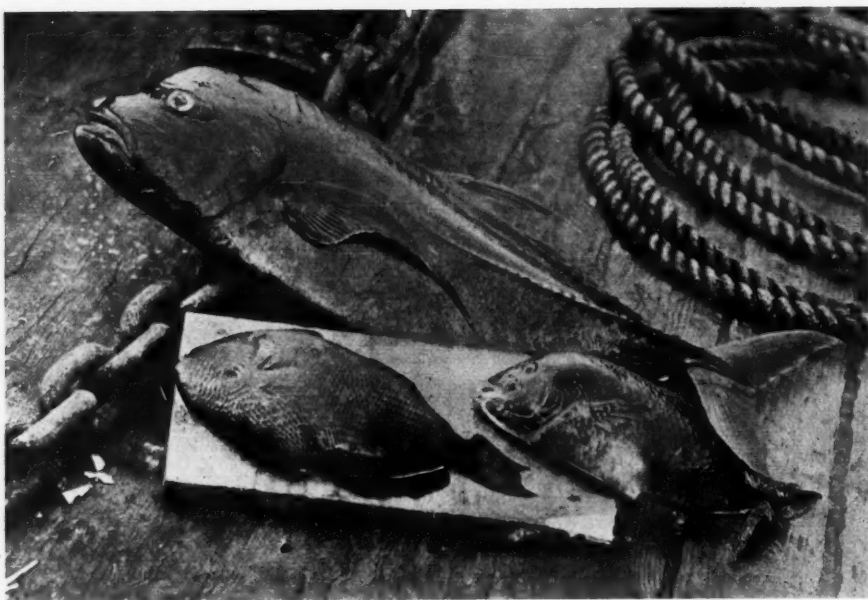
the final and most solemn “dust to dust” portion of the Burial Service, and all said the Lord's Prayer.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!

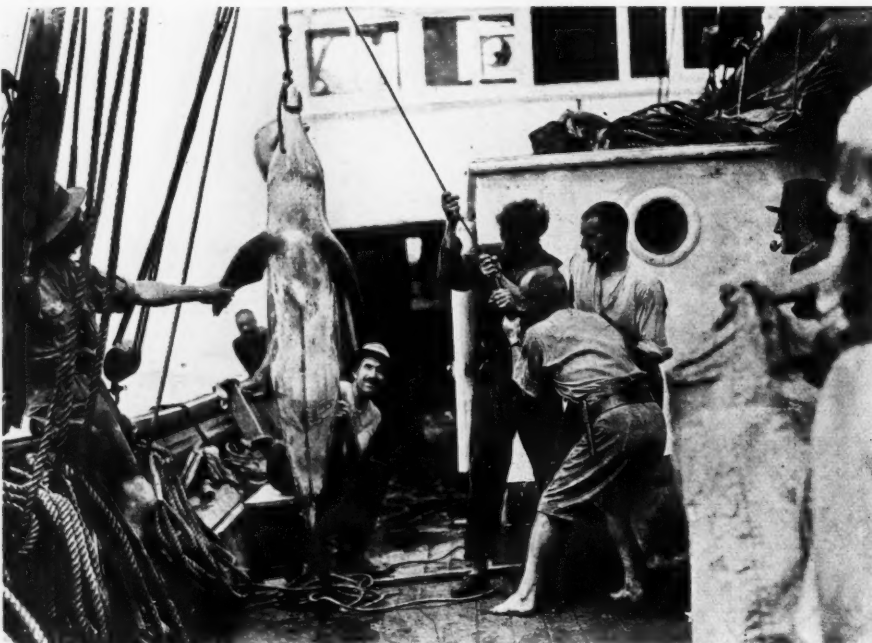
He lies with his face to the south and Elephant Island, the scene of one of his most famous exploits, to Weddell Sea and away to the South Pole, the land of his longing.

Captain Hussey, assistant surgeon on the Shackleton-Rowett Expedition, who was present at the funeral, gives an interesting account of the strange and lonely time he spent waiting for the return of the Quest. He lived with the whalers on a diet of whale and pork. The long Antarctic winter was coming on and making the days short and the nights long. He managed to pass the long dark nights with going on with his medical studies, playing billiards with the whalers and singing banjo songs to them. Among these whalers Shackleton is a hero, and “to the end of time,” says Captain Hussey, the rough Norwegian whaler in the long dark nights will tell of his epic boat journey from Elephant Island to South Georgia.

Shackleton's successor, Captain Wild, is a man after his own heart. When Shackleton asked Wild to join the expedition the latter had taken up planting in Nyasaland, but gave it up at once when Antarctic adventure sounded a call to him. He entered the Merchant Service as a youth, and in 1900 joined the Navy as an able seaman. Captain Scott took him with him on the Discovery Expedition. He was afterwards with Shackleton in the Nimrod and Endurance and with Nansen in the Aurora. So he brought with him to the Quest a very great experience. As a commander he has shown himself



THE THREE NEW FISH CAUGHT AT ST. PAUL'S ROCKS.



HAULING A DOLPHIN UP TO THE RIGGING OF THE QUEST



A BLUE WHALE, 98FT. LONG, ON THE FLENSING PLATFORM.

safe and cautious but daring and resolute to a degree. He was left in command on Elephant Island when Shackleton made his famous boat journey to South Georgia.

It is natural to ask what place the voyage of the *Quest* will take in the long list of Polar explorations. Some, no doubt, will hold that it is less interesting. Only the other day it was said at a meeting of the Geographical Society that for the purpose of the explorer Mount Everest had assumed the first place, as the great object of Polar exploration had been achieved. In a sense, that is true enough. Now that the glory of discovering the Poles has been achieved, the future voyager will have to be content with the more prosaic but equally important business of surveying and studying the land and water of the Arctic and Antarctic regions.

No one who calls to mind the history of the attempt to reach the South Pole will need any telling that the character of the navigation afforded small opportunity for survey in comparison with the vast surface that has to be explored. The seas are still to a large extent uncharted; if an attempt has been made to chart them in one voyage the chart has been proved to be wrong on subsequent voyages. This is due to no fault of the explorer, but to the fact that it is impossible in many cases to distinguish between an island and a stationary iceberg. As an example, Commander Wild found that the Pagoda Rock had disappeared altogether. It could have had no real existence, that is to say, no foundation of rock or earth nearer than the ocean floor. On that wild, illusory sea, fields of snow and ice stretch endlessly and form such a bar to navigation, and consequently observation, as it will take a very long time to surmount.

Perhaps the greatest benefit to be derived from the work of exploration is to be found reflected in the character of the men who undertake it. Fortunately, there has always been a considerable number of men in this country who are imbued with the love of adventure for adventure's sake. The Antarctic Ocean has always had a singular fascination for such characters. Something of the same love of vagabondage has allured wanderers to the most remote and difficult parts of the dry land; but here the case is different. Disinterestedness is not so absolute. There is always an off-chance of making a discovery in hitherto unknown countries that will lead to unknown wealth. For instance, the Yukon, for long, was regarded as a most inhospitable and dangerous wilderness. Its gold remained undiscovered for all the long ages of its existence until we were nearing the beginning of the twentieth century. Antarctic navigation offers no such inducement. Most of the distinguished mariners who have led or accompanied expeditions in search of the South Pole have not been enriched, but impoverished, by their experience. Yet it does not lose its attraction in the slightest,

and, as a well known public man said about Shackleton and Scott, the example they set is the very best stimulus that can be found to the youth of the country. It takes them away from the consideration of only such pursuits as lead to material reward. These do not give that fillip to the stronger qualities required in a nation. Much compassion has been felt for those great and valiant men who perished with Captain Scott, and the heroes were worthy of it; not because they discovered this or the other island or brought new and most fascinating information about the curious birds, beasts and amphibians that inhabit this waste of waters, but that they showed to the coming generation an example of enterprise that was almost impossible for no love of gain, but only on account of that desire to conquer difficulties which is the hard iron needed in a great nation's composition. There is no exploration which has not had its list of victims. The *Quest* has had one, but we cannot congratulate it on good luck because that one was Shackleton. There have very nearly been many others. The small size of the *Quest* has been the source of dangers that might otherwise have been escaped. In bad weather she rolls very badly, and on separate occasions two of the seamen were flung violently across the deck and, though they escaped with a bad bruising and shaking, the results might have been serious. Three others fell through the main hatch into the hold, and that they escaped serious injury was little short of a miracle. A fourth was struck by the fore-staysail block and flung across the deck, yet he too was not seriously injured. When there was a danger of the *Quest* being caught and crunched, the three boats were provisioned for thirty days, so that everything would be at hand at a critical moment. When this was done, an opportunity was taken to swing out the port lifeboat, but in the operation the *Quest* rolled slightly and a guy rope carried away. The lifeboat got out of control, and Worsley, in trying to regain command of it, was caught and driven through the side of the bridge house. Several of his ribs were broken and he was badly torn and bruised, but, though it took him many weeks to recover, he has survived.

Commander Wild, who is accompanied by a photographer, has a good eye for wild life. Not many of the creatures are new to him, and he was evidently pleased to see them again. Crab-eaters, the most elegant of southern seals, with their light-coloured coats, lay asleep on the floe. Other seals like the land, but crab-eaters are most frequently found on the pack ice. Stately Emperor penguins greeted the visitors with their peculiar cries. Killer whales were found in abundance, and "we never entered a lead of any size without seeing their fins cut the surface," and from aloft they saw them, "evil-looking, certainly, but wonderfully graceful in their movements through the



A BOOBY WITH YOUNG ON NEST.



A YOUNG BOOBY ALMOST FULLY GROWN.



A NODDY (ANOUS STOLIDUS OR MEGALOPTERUS MINUTUS) ON NEST.

Photographs Copyright "Daily Mail."

water—glide forward with almost imperceptible sweeps of their powerful flukes." Crab-eater seals were killed for food and their skins stuffed into the bunkers for fuel. The full story of it has yet to be told and the pictures taken

shown in their completeness, but enough has already been disclosed to make us look forward with interest to the publication in book form of a complete history of the Voyage of the Quest.

SHRUBS FOR A WOODLAND GARDEN.—II

By J. G. MILLAIS.

A GOOD woodland garden should contain roughly the majority of the following shrubs and small trees, interplanted as single specimens or groups according to size and taste:

February.—*Hamamelis mollis* and *arborea*, *Pyrus subhirtella* (Miquelliana), *Rhododendrons nobleanum*, *dauricum*, *arboreum* (early forms), *Christmas Cheer*, *cornubia*, *Thomsoni* × *arboreum*, *barbatum*. *Chimonanthus fragrans*, *Lonicera fragrantissima*, *Daphne japonica*, early camellias,

essential. Also the best camellias, such as *Lady Clare*, *Nagasaki*, *Mercury*, *Jupiter*, *Apollo*, *Magnoliaeflora* and *Donckelaari*.

May.—*Rhododendrons campylocarpum* (Hooker's true species pure yellow and dwarf), *campylocarpum* var. *pallidum* (tall-growing and primrose yellow), *Ivery's scarlet*, *arboreum* var. *kermisium* (blood red), *Thomsoni* (best forms only), *Fortunei* × *Thomsoni* (Sir E. Loder's form), *arboreum album* × *campylocarpum*, *Ascot Brilliant* × *Thomsoni*, *Queen Wilhelmina*, *Princess Juliana*, *decorum*, *decorum* × *Aucklandi*, and the



Here on the left is seen *R. White Jacksoni* in front of *aubrietias* and masses of *Anemone Robinsoniana*, while in the foreground on the right is *R. caucasicum* (Cunningham's Sulphur) in front of a group of *Kurume Azalea Hinamayo*. Compton's Brow.

and, as groundwork, *Helleborus niger*, *Erica mediterranea* hybrida, etc.

March.—*Rhododendrons barbatum*, *lutescens*, *caucasicum* hybrids (notably white and rose Jacksoni), *Sutchuenense*, *calophytum*, *moupinense*, *arboreum*, *Duchess of Portland*, *grande* (where possible), *Harrisi*, *Heatherside Beauty*, *præcox*, etc., with groundwork of *snowdrops*, *Cyclamen Coum*, *Anemone hepatica*, *hellebores*, *crocuses*, etc. *Magnolia Campbelli* (where possible).

April.—*Rhododendrons bodartianum*, *Ascot Brilliant*, *caucasicum* (especially the yellow flowered *Cunningham's Sulphur*), *Rosa Mundi*, *J. G. Millais*, *intricatum* and its allies (*hippophæoides*, *fastigiatum*, *scintillans* and *impeditum*), *Thomsoni* × *Ascot Brilliant*, *Luscombe's Scarlet*, *Luscombei*, *Handsworth Early Red*, *Handsworth Early White*, *Duchess of Portland* (the best early white rhododendron in existence), *Fortunei* × *Thomsoni*, *ciliatum*, *arboreum* (late forms, scarlet to white), *Cornubia*, *Falconeri*, *Elsæ*, *oliefolium*, etc., with groundwork of *polyanthus*, *primroses*, forms of *hyacinth*, *anemone* and *appennina*, *Robinsoniana* and *Alleni*, *cyclamens*, etc. The most important flowering trees for this month are the early *magnolias*—*M. conspicua* and its hybrids *alba superba*, *Alexandrina*, *Soulangeana*, etc. The hybrid *M. conspicua* × *M. Campbelli* and the new *M. salicifolia*, and *M. Kobus* var. *borealis*. *M. stellata* is also an

Aucklandi hybrids *Pink Pearl*, *White Pearl*, *Coombe Royal*, *Alice*, *Starfish*, *Frank Crisp*, *King George*, *George Hardy*, *Gomer Waterer*, etc. The two best rhododendrons for mid-May are *R. Loderi* and *R. Loder's White*; a few plants of these light up a whole garden, and are the gems of all the *Aucklandi* hybrids. No superior hybrids have ever been raised, nor are they likely to be surpassed.

A new race of hardy hybrid rhododendrons has been raised by the Dutch growers, J. H. Van Nes and Sons and M. Koster and Sons of Boskoop, Holland. They embrace all colours from white to brilliant scarlet, and contain many varieties of extraordinary beauty and complete hardiness. Most of these are hybrids of *R. Griffithianum*, *R. Thomsoni* and *R. arboreum* (blood red), crossed and recrossed again with hardy hybrids. They possess large flowers of exceptional colour. Plants will not be issued to the public until the autumn of 1922, and then only a few plants will be available. I am so fortunate as to possess a complete set of them, and can prophesy a great future for several of the varieties which are of remarkable beauty. They commence flowering early in May and continue throughout this month. In early May commence the *R. mollis* azaleas, of which the best are *Alphonse Lavallée*, *Mrs. L. J. Endtz*, *J. C. Van Tol*, and the new *J. C. Van Nes*, easily the best *mollis* ever raised. These fine things should be planted in groups, and are

followed by the large race of Ghent azaleas, of which Nancy Waterer and altaclarensis are notable examples. The old Gloria Mundi is also an indispensable plant. Late in May come all the great race of hardy hybrid rhododendrons, many of which have as many as four or five species in their composition. These are always a matter of taste, but contain many superb varieties such as Corona, Doncaster, G. A. Sims, B. de Bruin, Prometheus, Mrs. George Paul, Mrs. P. D. Williams, Mrs. John Millais, Purple Splendour, Royal Purple, fastuosum flore plenum, etc. To such a collection of choice rhododendrons may be added George Paul's Fortunei hybrids Duke of York and Duchess of York. The best magnolias for May are Lenne, parviflora, Wilsoni, etc., while hypolenca and tripetala make fine trees and occasionally flower well. Cornus Nuttalli and Cornus Kousa are also fine trees for this month, as well as the golden and scarlet Japanese maples. Wistaria sinensis may also be used with fine effect in sunny places, and the glorious blue Ceanothus papillosus, by far the finest of this lovely genus. The groundwork for May embraces so many delightful plants that this feature can be left to individual taste.

June.—We have still a number of fine hardy rhododendrons for early June. In northern gardens the flowering of May species and hybrids is prolonged until the end of this month, yet in Southern gardens most of the best hybrids have finished by June 10th and some work is involved in removing the numerous seed-pods. Rhododendrons Mrs. John Kelk, G. A. Sims, Essex Scarlet, Kirki hybrids and several other good hybrids, as well as the charming, sweet-scented azalea hybrid gowenianum, prolong the season until June 18th, after which the gardener must rely on the splendours of the herbaceous borders and rose gardens until July, when all the fine race of Wilson's R. Fortunei come into flower and last until the end of the month.

Two magnolias of the highest excellence—namely, *M. macrophylla* and the hybrid *M. Thompsoniana*—should never be omitted from any garden that claims completeness. The former is one of the most remarkable plants in the world and after its juvenile stages is quite hardy in Southern England; in fact, it is hardy in the gardens of the Arnold Arboretum in Boston, where the thermometer sinks below zero every winter. The leaves (30ins. long) and the flowers (15ins. across) are the largest of any known plant outside the tropical regions, and the effect in the English garden of a few plants of this wonderful magnolia is indeed striking. Unfortunately, grafted plants are useless, and it is very difficult to raise from seed, while it is equally difficult to purchase even in America. I now have a dozen plants growing well in Sussex, and hope to succeed with it as well as they do at Claremont, Esher, where exists the only specimen plant in the British Isles. Here it is 40ft. high and covered every year with its glorious flowers.

Magnolia Thompsoniana is also a very fine magnolia when it reaches maturity, and I have only seen one specimen plant, which is at the Garden House, Saltwood, Kent.

July.—Rhododendrons are scarce in July, and we have to rely chiefly on Wilson's Fortunei hybrids. Mr. J. C. Williams has done us a good service in creating several fine new hybrids from *R. auriculatum*, *discolor*, *Ungerni*, *decorum*, etc., which in the future will prolong the flowering season. But we still require rhododendrons with colour other than white and pink. Mr. Maçor has crossed maximum with *discolor* and Kew, *auriculatum* with *ponticum*, and these may perhaps help to fill the gap; but it is unlikely that any hybrid will surpass in beauty or scent the finest forms of true *R. auriculatum*. I have now flowered, every year for six years, a noble plant of this rhododendron from July 20th to August 10th, and can foresee that, with its hardiness and late growth making, it will be a great feature in British gardens even so far north as Inverness-shire, when we get thousands of seedlings raised and distributed. At present there are only about forty large plants of the original stock, and it will be twelve or fourteen years before this wonderful rhododendron is accepted at its proper value.

There are numerous shrubs and plants besides rhododendrons for July, notably the yuccas, tritomas, brooms, heaths, etc., and these,



Magnolia Soulangeana, *Prunus serrulata* and the dwarf *Rhododendron White Jacksoni* are fine and hardy small trees and shrubs for April.



As a "spot" plant, such a rhododendron as the Japanese *R. Rhombicum* makes a good effect with its lilac purple flowers in April.



On the left is the brilliant *R. Ivery's Scarlet* under a lilac-rose Judas tree, with a clear yellow *R. campylocarpum* in the distance against a dark taxodium. On the right centre is a large white *R. Loderi*, and on the right a fine plant of the rich pink *R. Prince Camille de Rohan*: a rich yellow azalea occupies a low place below, behind the scarlet *Crinodendron Hookerianum*. Leonardslee.



The new Chinese rhododendron *R. Sino-grande*, whose remarkable leaves, often 30ins. long, make a striking novelty in gardens where there is abundant moisture. Photographed from the plant at South Lodge, Sussex.



R. Loderi is the queen of all rhododendrons for May, and is easy to grow when wind and hot sun are excluded.

scattered in front of cordylines and the hardy Chinese palm, *Chamaerops excelsa*, make a charming semi-tropical show at this season. Those two indispensable roses for light soils, the yellow Scottish briar and the old Bourbon Zepherin Drouhin, are great features at this season.

In the last week in July begins to flower the finest and, in sandy soils, the most easily grown of all autumn-flowering shrubs or small trees. *Eucryphia pinnatifolia* when planted in quantity is a gem above praise, and no one who has ever seen a large plant, with its glorious white flowers and golden stamens, will ever forget it. Often it continues till mid-August and carries on the pageant of floral beauty until late August, when its more tender cousin, the evergreen *E. cordifolia*, begins. It is enough to see the large plants of the latter at Nymman's, Sussex, or those in Cornwall to make the most moral gardener envious. Yet most of us who live in districts south of London can grow *E. cordifolia* if we possess a very cosy corner and are prepared for several failures.

Although there are certain good flowering shrubs and trees for August and September they are few in number, and most gardeners who are not rich or laborious enough to plunge into the formalities of bedding-out plants are well content to close the flowering season at this date, while still taking some consolation in October from what the late Sir William Harcourt called the "efflorescence of decay."

Before closing this article, however, a word on grouping and colour may not be out of place. As an artist I have always considered that too much consideration is paid as to what colours will successfully combine. In my humble estimation all colours combine successfully except magenta, purple and scarlet. Even these colours, especially the two last named, are quite easily handled if the adjacent plants lead up to them without shock. Again, colours almost diametrically opposed are often charming, such as blue purple and pale yellow, when in juxtaposition, while scarlet and purple clash and offend the eyes. Nothing is nicer than pure whites, leading to pale pink and rose and then scarlet. This is a natural sequence, as is white, lilac and purple; and in forming groups of several plants we should aim at boldness and decision. While it is admitted that purple, scarlet and magenta should not come within the same area of vision, yet they are all attractive in their own way to individual observers, and white and cream will flank or front them with success. Last year an artist, and a very good artist too, whose colour sense is exceptional, came to my garden, and the only thing he would look at was *R. Auguste Van Geert*. He said magenta was the finest colour in the world, but that unfortunately man was not yet "educated" up to it—which is true. He saw beauty of colour in a flower from which nearly all women and most men shrink with horror. But in these days of Futurist artists and musicians anything is possible and we may yet find admirers of landscapes on the Underground Railway.

When grouping for future effect it is well to remember that all suggestion of heaviness should be avoided. Rhododendrons unless carefully massed are apt to be lumpy, while single plants of different colours are apt to give too "spotty" a scheme. If we look at these photographs—which, unfortunately, omit the chief charm of woodland beauty, namely, colour—we can see how successful and pleasing simple composition can be made when a few first-class plants are placed just in the right way. Here is one which shows, in passing, what good effect may be made

in a woodland garden with a flagged pathway. Here on the left are to be seen the snowy flowers of *R. White Jacksoni* in front of aubrietias and masses of *anemone robinsoniana*, while in the foreground on the right is *R. caucasicum* (Cunningham's Sulphur) in front of a group of Kurume Azalea *Hinamayo*. A beautiful group this, against a beautiful background. Good groundwork of yellow narcissus completes the picture. Another shows a woodland path flanked on the lower edges with daffodils and blue hyacinths. On each side are the flaming crimson of *R. Ivery's Scarlet* and *Crinodendron Hookerianum*. In the centre is a superb plant of white *Loderi*, and on the right a tall plant of the old *R. caucasicum* hybrid *Prince Camille de Rohan* (pink); while the eye is led away in the distance to a large plant of the pale yellow *R. campylocarpum* var. *pallidum* standing against a big taxodium. High on the left a soft rose lilac Judas tree lifts its lovely blossoms to the sky. This is a good composition, and in early May Nature can show us scarcely anything sweeter.

In these days, when no man is rich and the expense of keeping a good garden in order is considerable, the woodland garden scores above all other forms of gardening, since wages can be reduced to a minimum. Its only great expenditure is in its formation,

i.e., the trenching of beds and the purchase of plants. Once made, one man, putting in a little light and pleasant work, can keep in order and fitness from four to seven acres. Personally I attend to four acres of woodland containing over five thousand rhododendrons as well as other plants and trees, and yet I am not overworked, although I am a very busy man. The secret of success is due to placing a heavy mulch of fresh oak and beech leaves (9ins. to a foot deep) on the borders every second year. This keeps away weeds and supplies the natural food for the plants. Being in shade or semi-shade, few weeds collect, and wild anemones, lilies of the valley and hyacinths are allowed to increase at will. In time, too, I hope to have hundreds of *Lilium giganteum*, *Henryi* and regale in masses to make a good show after rhododendrons and spring flowers are past. All this involves little labour beyond moving rhododendrons where they have become too crowded or new compositions or colour schemes are required. Once you know something about plants the rest is easy, for it is a poor sort of gardener who will not take his coat off and do things himself. Any investment in the Bank of Nature gives back 100 per cent. return, and the man who allows his gardener to do everything is not very clever.

AFRICAN ADMINISTRATIONS

MY object in writing this is to contrast the different administrations I have come in touch with during my hunting. I have made no deep study of the matter and simply record the impressions I received. The French system of administering native races in Africa appears to differ fundamentally from the British. They look upon country they occupy as conquered territory and anyone may buy it or lease it who wishes; whereas, in West Africa at any rate, the British consider the country as belonging to the natives, and it is extremely difficult for a white man to acquire land.

When the French take over a new country they occupy it most efficiently. We frequently are contented to paint it red on the map, close it up to trade and leave it simmering, as it were, in its own juice of savagery. This appears to lead to considerable trouble ultimately, for firearms are liable to find their way in, or the country gets raided white. When the French have to deal with a new country a special force of military character—Colonial Army it is called—takes it over by marching into it and establishing posts. If this force encounters obstruction, so much the sooner will the country be subjugated. Terrorise or kill the present generation and educate the next generation, and in course of time you have a race of black Frenchmen. In the fullness of time perfect equality is given her black citizens, as anyone may see at Dakar in West Africa.

Here we have a modern town which might be anywhere in France. Remarkable docks and landing arrangements strike one first. Then the houses and *cafés*. French whites and French blacks apparently on perfect equality. I was told that Dakar elected a black Deputy to send to France. Every black speaks French—real French, not like our pidgin English. And their blacks are so polite; perfect manners. Contrast this with the following; it happened to me at Sierra Leone, one of our most "advanced" black possessions:

I was travelling by tramp steamer—the only passenger. As we dropped anchor I was leaning on the rail looking at the town and shipping, when, directly below me, I saw a black stoker crawl slowly out of the coaling port and coolly dive into the sea, when he struck out for the land. I thought he was a stowaway and wished him luck and thought nothing more about it. Some time after, the captain asked me if I had seen a boy jump overboard, and I admitted I had. He then told me that that boy had been to the magistrate, had sworn that he had been thrown overboard and much more to the effect that he had been half murdered, etc. The magistrate had summoned the captain and the chief engineer, and they asked me to go as a witness. We went ashore at the appointed time, and never have I seen natives so badly out of hand. At the landing place we were met by a mob of sympathisers of the boy's, or, in reality, a mob of natives actively hostile to whites and not afraid to show it. In the Court House itself there was more or less peace. At any rate, the howling was confined to the outside of the building. I gave evidence to the effect that I had seen the boy drop quietly into the water apparently of his own volition. The result was given against the ship, whether justly or not I do not pretend to judge. But when we three proceeded to leave the Court our appearance was greeted in such a way by the mob outside as to send the captain back in alarm. Under police escort we went, with perhaps two hundred howling blacks baiting us the whole way. Now this scene would be unthinkable under any other flag. It may be the result of even-handed justice, but, I ask, what good does it do? Those blacks hated us and had no respect for us or any other white man.

Lest from the above remarks on French administrative methods it be thought that I am in favour of them, I would

like to say that, on the contrary, I think that all wild tribes suffer by contact with any Western culture. All their old customs, many of which were good and all binding, go, and in their place we substitute English or Indian law, which is entirely unsuited to the African. But if we must go there, I honestly think that the French method entails least suffering in the long run.

It was my lot to travel in the German Cameroons while still under German rule. There every black was required to remove his hat when *any* white passed. This simple little law was undoubtedly good, at any rate for the first few generations of contact; and the natives appeared to me to be happier and much more contented in the Cameroons than anywhere else I have been. We say that we do not tolerate the brutality which French and German methods entail. And we do not do so directly. But under our system of employing and paying native chiefs and kings to gather taxes and to settle disputes we blind ourselves if we do not recognise that far worse injustices and cruelties go on than could ever happen under direct white administration, however corrupt.

In the Sudan I came in contact with, to me, quite a new idea of governing native races. It happened thus: I and a companion had arrived from Abyssinia by native dug-out. We came down the Gelo into the Pibor and then down the Sobat until that river joined the Nile. Just before its junction there was an American Mission Station. As we were floating leisurely down towards this, the boy steering one of our canoes was seized by a crocodile and pulled off the stern. The other occupant had a gun and let fly in the air. The crocodile abandoned his victim, who swam back and clambered on to the canoe. When we arrived we saw at once that the boy was very badly mauled, and we paddled him down to the Mission Station. There the doctor did what he could for him; but the poor fellow died soon afterwards. The Mission people told us that if we wished to dispose of our canoes they would gladly buy them, as wooden canoes were almost priceless on the Nile. In return for their kindness we promised to give them our canoes after we had unloaded them at Tewfikia Post.

We proceeded to Tewfikia and found it a large and well-laid-out military post. One of the crack Sudanese regiments, picked officers, grand mess, band; altogether a show place. Sentries on the bank, too. Well, we were most hospitably received, and I hasten to add here that no one there was to blame for the ridiculous thing that now happened. It was the fault of the man or men who had evolved this unique and wonderful system of governing native tribes.

We drew our flotilla of canoes up to the bank at a spot indicated, where there was a sentry who would keep an eye on our gear, which was mostly ivory. We off-loaded this, so that the canoes should be ready for our friends of the Mission. As the band was playing in the evening the natives came and stole all our canoes under the very noses of not only the sentry, but numerous other people. They were certainly lying not more than thirty yards from the Mess.

The theft created a tremendous flutter, but no one seemed to know what to do. All was utter chaos. Eventually someone was found who knew of a chief, and he was sent for. He refused to come in. And then I heard that the policy of the Government (*sic*) was to leave the natives alone. I was told that this was carried out to the extent of allowing pitched battles between tribes to be fought on the large plain opposite the post, and the wounded of both sides were left to be tended in Tewfikia hospital.

We never heard that the canoes were recovered. This is the kind of thing that makes for trouble in the future, in my humble opinion. Far better clear out and let someone else have a try.

W. D. M. BELL.

BIRD COURTSHIP AT THE LONDON "ZOO"

By F. MARTIN DUNCAN.

COURTSHIP among birds is a subject of extraordinary interest for both layman and naturalist. Who with eyes to see and ears to hear, can spend a spring morning wandering through meadows and woodland without having his curiosity aroused by some phase of bird courtship, be it burst of estatic song, or the hoarse challenge of the lordly pheasant? During that period of life in which the fateful choice of mates takes place, all birds, to a greater or less degree, exhibit peculiarities of behaviour, which for the rest of the year remain dormant. In the majority, these manifestations are confined to the male bird, but there are several examples in which the role is reversed, and the female becomes the ardent courtier.

Courtship among birds is accompanied by displays of various kinds, such as plumage display, in which the male bird endeavours to show off his gorgeous nuptial dress to the greatest advantage; a plumage display accompanied by vocal sounds; mock or serious battles between rival males; dancing and posturing; the construction of special nuptial bowers; the rivalry of song.

The peacock in his courtship affords us a striking example of a combination of gorgeous nuptial plumage accompanied by quaint posturing. The magnificent "train," which is the peacock's crowning glory, is not the bird's tail, as one still so often hears remarked, but is composed partly of the feathers of the back and partly of the coverts of the tail feathers. Behold his majesty in all his amorous pride and glory of vesture approach the object of his desire! First selecting a vantage point a short distance away, but more or less in front of the female, he watches for what he considers a favourable moment, and then turning his back, erects and spreads his train. With rapid mincing gait, he runs backwards until within a couple of yards of her, he swings round like a flash, and in the instant displays to her gaze the full splendour of his magnificent raiment. The swift turning movement is accompanied by the violent vibrating of the train, the rattling of the quills sounding like the patter of raindrops on dry leaves, while he may also raise his voice in a loud and discordant scream. To human eyes the calm and supercilious indifference on the part of the female to this wonderful performance is disconcerting, and it has to be repeated many times before she will show the least sign of encouragement or response.

In the turkey we may find the origin of the common mistake as regards the peacock's train being taken for the tail, for it is this appendage which comes into play during the turkey's display. His performance lacks something of the magnificence of the peacock, but has its points of interest. The tail is raised and spread to form a great half-circle, the wings being trailed on the ground. At the same time the bare skin of his head and neck become apoplectic in hue, due to the sudden suffusion of blood to those parts, while the long, pendent, fleshy wattle which hangs down from his forehead is suddenly inflated. Thus the turkey will strut about with mincing gait in front of the hens, turning the wheel-like

tail first to one side and then to the other, accompanying his promenade by vocal remarks that sound like "gobble gobble" repeated with great rapidity.

The display of the beautiful Amherst pheasant is a far more dignified and courtly performance. The male bird has a truly gorgeous livery, not the least conspicuous portion being the handsome hood or cape, and the long and graceful tail feathers. When seeking to attract the affections of the female the male bird will walk slowly in front of her, drawing forward the hood on that side of his head which is towards her, so that it completely covers his face, except his bright and watchful eye, while at the same time the wing is slightly drooped and the tail gracefully curved, so that his exquisite dress may be displayed before her to its full advantage.

In the great bustard, a bird which in days gone by was common on the heaths of England, we have an example of an extraordinarily complex display, in which a remarkable pouch, formed like a long sac, running down the front of the neck just beneath the skin, and capable of considerable distention, plays

an important part, though precisely how inflation takes place has not, I believe, been ascertained. The great bustard approaches the object of his adoration with mincing gait and slightly trailing wings. He inflates the great pouch and at the same time draws his neck backwards and downwards until it rests upon the back, while at the same time he raises his tail and brings it forwards and downwards, holding it in position with the help of the tips of the long quill feathers of his wings. He draws his head down on to the inflated pouch, and at the same time erects the long, spike-like feathers which normally project backwards on either side of the head. Behind his head appears a great billowy mass of feathers of dazzling whiteness, formed by the under-tail coverts which have been brought into view by the overturning of the tail feathers. In this position, his head almost lost to view, he stands in front of the female, uttering from time to time a low, guttural sound, and then gradually resumes his normal appearance.

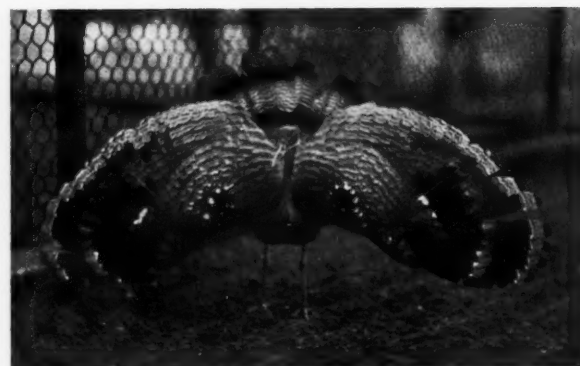
The kagu was formerly by no means rare in its island home, New Caledonia, but is now restricted to the wilder areas, where yearly its diminishing numbers give grave warning of an early extinction of the race. It is, however, amenable to domestication, and will breed in captivity if provided with suitable environment and climatic conditions, so that there is some hope that the species will not entirely disappear in the immediate future. Apart from its growing rarity, the kagu is interesting for its curious displays during the mating season. It has a beautiful slate-grey plumage with indistinct bars on wings and tail, while a long erectile crest, whitish grey in colour, adorns the head. Two types of display have been observed in the specimens living in the Zoological Society's Gardens at Regent's Park. In the first, which not infrequently appears to be a preliminary to the second, the bird moves about in rather stately fashion, erecting its crest high on top



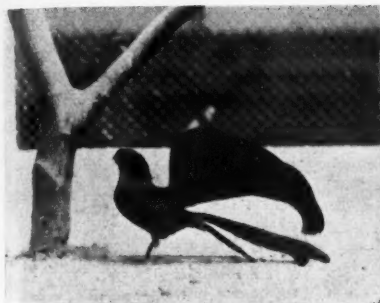
PELICAN DISPLAY.



PELICAN DISPLAY: FINAL STAGE.



SUN-BITTERN WITH WINGS SWEPT FORWARD LIKE EXQUISITE FANS.



WHYDAH BIRD IN DISPLAY.



PEACOCKS: THE KISS OF CONQUEST.



THE AMOROUS RUFF.

of its head, and half opening and drooping its wings. If not greatly excited, after a short display, the crest is lowered and the wings return to their normal position when at rest; but should the sex excitement be intense, then with mincing gait the bird approaches the female, and suddenly the head is lowered so that the point of the beak touches the ground, while at the same moment the wings sweep round fanwise, and the tail is slightly elevated and spread. When the wings are expanded in this manner, rufus and white bands appear, varied by black markings. The whole attitude of the bird at the height of this display is very striking and is in many respects a replica of the mating display of the sun-bittern which belongs to a closely allied family. The sun-bittern, when in repose, is inconspicuous in its dress of mottled browns and greys; but when the wings sweep forward like exquisite fans, and the tail is erected and spread open, a transformation takes place, and a complex display of vivid bands and blotches of colours results.

The ruff, once common in our Fenlands, dons a remarkable nuptial dress, the most striking portion consisting of a large frill of feathers encircling the upper part of the slender neck, while certain head feathers become elongated so as to form a pair of tufts sometimes called "ears." The female, or "reeve," as she is called by the Fen folk, wears quite a sober gown, and is at first a very coy little lady, somewhat hard to please in the selection of a mate, though once her amorous instincts are aroused she may be said to abandon herself to, rather than be captured by, the successful male.

Early in the spring the ruffs begin their curious and prolonged tilting bouts, which are the preliminary to the true sexual display. As the sun rises over the broad Fenland the ruffs will be seen assembling for their tourney on such slight eminences as are available, such spots always being selected as the jousting grounds. Soon a couple of males advance and stand facing one another with frills and ear-tufts erect, and their long slender beaks touching the ground. Thus they may stand, rigid and silent for a minute or two, staring with watchful, beady eyes. Then, on a sudden, with quick short steps they rush at each other, tilting with their long bills, each striving to seize his antagonist by the beak and administer a sound drubbing with a rain of blows from the wings. This performance is repeated again and again, though no very serious damage appears to be inflicted by either combatant. However, it is during these bouts, and apparently before the females or "reeves" have actually appeared upon the scene, that the weaker and less vigorous males are driven from the field. Occasionally an eye is poked out, or a wing badly

strained, showing that these mimic tournaments are not entirely without danger for the combatants.

So soon as the females appear upon the scene they are courted with unceasing vigour. The amorous male will approach the female, who is apparently quite unconcerned, and far too busy seeking more or less imaginary dainties on the ground to be troubled by his presence. But the little ruff, aflame with passion, bows down before her with his beak pressed to the ground and his frill and ear-tufts erect and spread to their fullest. In this attitude he will remain for several seconds, as if lost in admiration and contemplation. But, on raising his head to obtain a better view of the impression he has created, he finds, as often as not, that the lady, quite unmoved by his posturing, is contentedly continuing her search for imaginary morsels, or has taken wing and departed. He is swift in pursuit, however, and the performance is repeated again and again, until at last the female, too, catches the flame of passion and invites the final nuptial act.

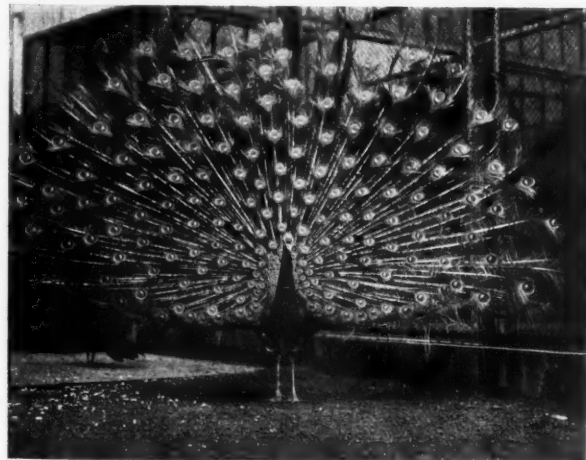
The whydah bird, a polygamous species belonging to the Passeres, is also another interesting example. In the mating season the tail and wing feathers of the male become enormously developed, and three stages of the display are shown in the accompanying illustrations. The wings are raised and brought together while the head is thrown back, then the head is brought forward, the wings expanded and fanned and the tail partially raised and flaunted. This is repeated again and again in the presence of the female.

The writer of the present article has observed a pair of pelicans go through a very remarkable performance each season, which is probably a form of display. The male bird will approach the female and attract her attention by scooping with his beak with a curious scythe-like sweep along the ground. After this has been repeated several times he will pick up a fragment of straw, a pebble, or a small lump of earth, and open his immense beak, inviting her to investigate for hidden treasure. At first she does not seem particularly interested, but later she will place her bill within his, and then withdrawing it, both birds will sweep the ground with their bills and bring their heads together, so that the back of their heads touch and rub. This strange performance will be repeated several times, and is a most comical sight to witness.

Within the limits of an article it is only possible briefly to touch the fringe of the subject of bird display, and the examples described above are but a few of the many which may be seen by visitors to the Zoological Gardens at Regent's Park during the spring and early summer.



THE RARE KAGU DISPLAYING.



JAVAN PEACOCK WITH ELEVATED TRAIN



AMERICAN TURKEY STRUTTING ABOUT WITH MINCING GAIT.



THE River Ouse flows leisurely enough after it leaves York on its way to the Humber; the country is flat and sets no obstacle to the river's all but inconsequent wanderings, with the winter floods of which it is in many places submerged. Some five miles south of the city and 500 yds. from the river bank, stands the square red-brick house known as Bell Hall, built in 1680 by Sir John Hewley, for many years Member of Parliament for York and in his time a very honest citizen. His house reflects his nature, in that it is simple and modest, yet not without a considerable beauty, which has not been much altered by the passage of years, though a kitchen wing of no architectural merit was added about 1717 to its eastern side. In its original state it was a single block, 60 ft. long by 45 ft. deep, with entrances from the south and west. The regularity of the exterior is repeated within, and a glance at the plan (Fig. 8) shows the simple disposition of its apartments, staircases and chimneys, all of which latter are placed in two stacks in the centre of the building, with the result that the whole wall space is free for a plentiful and regular fenestration. It is, in fact, a diminutive but perfect example of the best kind of house that English architecture has produced. How satisfying is its aspect is shown in Fig. 1, the bold cornice echoed by the lighter string course, which in its turn is faintly repeated by the damp course! The walls, unornamented save by stone rusticated quoins, and about the doorways, is in due proportion to the windows, which are

placed in slightly projecting bays. No pediments nor parapets conceal the mansard roof and its dormers. We need scarcely be told that Sir John Hewley was a Puritan, but at the Restoration, like Fairfax, his fellow townsman, and General Monk, a Royalist. His house asserts the fact in every line.

Bell Hall has several counterparts in the city itself, of which Carlisle House on the Staithe overlooking the river, built some ten years earlier, is the most perfect; while a building in Ogleforth, known as Cromwell House, though it has been deprived of its cornice, is very similar. Hewley himself lived in St. Saviour Gate when he was not in London, where at the age of nineteen, in 1638, he was admitted to Gray's Inn. In the circumstances that surrounded his wedding, which shortly occurred, we can see a manifestation of that legal mind that subsequently delighted his party in the House and secured for him the Recordership of Doncaster. A certain bencher of Gray's Inn, Robert Woolryche, had a daughter Sarah, whom, when he died, he made a ward of Court. This Sarah was loved by John Hewley, but her guardians, tradition has it, were not impressed by her suitor. In order therefore to escape the consequences of abducting and marrying the lady without their consent the couple decided to ride to the church, with Sarah on the saddle and John upon the pillion, in such a manner that it could be pleaded that the maid it was who abducted the man. What all the good Nonconformists who received at a later date so many signal signs of this couple's true goodness would have





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2.—THE NEW DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

3.—THE OLD DRAWING-ROOM ON THE FIRST FLOOR.

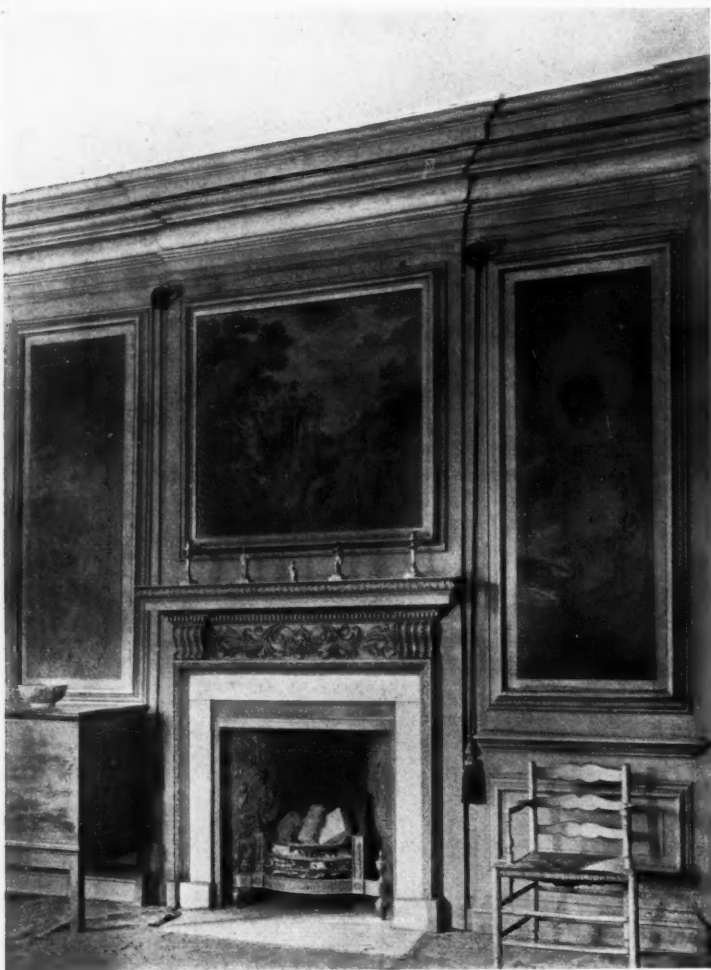
"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

4.—DRAWING-ROOM CHIMNEYPIECE.

"C.L."



Copyright.

5.—IN THE OLD DRAWING-ROOM.

"C.L."

The mantel is later and was brought from an old house in York.

said, if they had beheld this proceeding, we cannot rightly say. After all, even Puritan divines are at one time young, and when of an evening Sarah and John, with a few choice preachers, sat about the fire at Bell Hall, and the tankard of mulled beer was passed round, mellowing their pious souls and broadening their views and smiles, no doubt the tale was told with many a connubially corroborative wink, to the approbation of all present.

At the time of the Restoration, Hewley was Member for Pontefract, and in 1663 received the honour of knighthood, being, as Recorder of Doncaster and Counsel for the City of York, one of the most important politicians of Northern England. In 1678 we learn that he was on the committee that drew up the Habeas Corpus Bill, by which time he was sitting for York itself. In the following year he panelled and redecored the committee room in the Guildhall at York, and in 1680, or late in 1679, began work at Bell Hall. There is little doubt that the same hand which executed the carving in the Guildhall is also responsible for much of the interior decoration here. Probably it was Etty, who, some would have it, was master of Grinling Gibbons. There is certainly much similarity in their work, but it has never been proved that Gibbons ever saw York, and as Etty and he died in the same year, it is more probable that they were contemporaries. Etty and the York school of carvers never attained that extreme delicacy which distinguishes the greater man's work, though the swags and festoons over the chimneypiece of the drawing-room (Figs. 2 and 4) are distinctly good. As we saw when we interested ourselves in eighteenth century York, Etty's apprentices carried on the tradition of graceful realistic carving till far into that century, and the work at Bell Hall and in the Guildhall may be taken as the earliest surviving specimens of their labours. Mr. Baines tells me that the carving in the drawing-room was at one time realistically painted in colours, a practice that did hold in the early seventeenth century, though somewhat uncommon later on.

The original disposition of the rooms, before the kitchen wing was added early in the eighteenth century, is indicated on the plan. The basement provided accommodation for the servants, and probably contained the kitchen, of which there is no sign on the ground floor. The entrance hall, which now has a Jacobean overmantel brought from Deighton by a member of the Baines family, who succeeded the Hewleys, communicated with the old dining-room, now the drawing-room, on the west, while on the north-west corner is the parlour, formerly panelled in leather, with oil-painted panels above the doors. The staircase is of a type familiar in the less sumptuous houses of the period, that scarcely changed from the days of the Commonwealth till the more attenuated balusters of the eighteenth century replaced the stout ones, here illustrated. The first floor was also largely given over to sitting-rooms.

Immediately above the old dining-room was the drawing-room (Fig. 3), adorned with painted panels of conventional scenery. There is a tradition that the artists were Flemings, though some of the work points rather at a French origin for the artists, probably Huguenots befriended by Sir John Hewley, and there is much to support such a theory. They are certainly not English, and one of the panels shows a long basin or canal bordered by trees, while another has an architectural scene reminding one of Versailles. The narrower panels, such as those bordering the fireplace (Fig. 5), have a distinctly Oriental appearance in the treatment of the grass and foliage, and are probably the work of another hand, while the classic piece above the mantel appears to be by a third artist, possibly influenced by Claude. The mantelpiece itself and the charming grate and flanking back are of somewhat later date. The mantelpiece was brought to Bell Hall during the eighteenth century from a house in York. This room is interesting for the early date of its decoration, preceding as it does by a few years the better known frescoes and decorative paintings of the Verrio and Laguerre school, of which Sir James Thornhill was a later

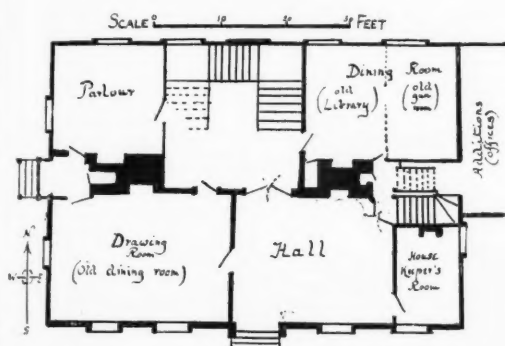
exponent, though Verrio paid a visit to Windsor for Charles II so early as 1670. The Chinese touches previously referred to are significant of a wave of Oriental taste that was strongly felt in England during James II's reign, a great deal of the silver plate executed between the years 1685-1688 being adorned with mandarins, umbrellas and men with Mongolian countenances. If our assumption is correct, that the Bell Hall artists were of French extraction, we can see how this Chinese taste was a direct consequence of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes that scattered the Huguenots over England and Prussia with their ideas moulded by the prevailing fashions of France.

Another sitting-room on the first floor was a boudoir, looking north, but both that and the old drawing-room have since been converted into bedrooms.

Sir John Hewley, the staunch Whig, was largely occupied with his politics. His lady, however, was well known in Nonconformist circles, and by her charity and hospitality drew many victims of Test Acts beneath her roof; among them, it is said, George Fox himself. Oliver Heywood frequently mentions such visits to her in his diary, and sojourns at "Sir John Hewley's."

In 1700 Lady Hewley founded a hospital, still existing under her name, in Tanner Row, Micklegate, though it has since been removed to St. Saviour-gate. These almshouses were designed for ten old women, then paid 10s. a month, though the stipend has since risen to 40s. A few extracts from the rules shed some light upon the foundress' character:

Let none be admitted into the Hospital that cannot be conveniently separated from their children, for their



PLAN.

children must not be permitted to live with their parents in the hospital.

Let every Alms body be one that can repeat by heart the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Ten Commandments and Mr. Edward Bowles' Catechism.

Let no Alms body receive any servants into her house to hear ill reports out of families where they are or have been servants.

There is almost a note of bitterness in this good housewife's last injunction, and at that time, when things often happened in families that could ill be retailed to the venerable alms bodies without bringing an unseemly breath of worldly savour into their retirement, no doubt it was in reality a kindly provision for which their souls would thank her in the next life when their bodies were relieved from the labours that it entailed for them in this.

The Hewleys, who died without surviving children, were succeeded by Hewley Baines, grandson of John Baines, who had married Sir John's sister Margaret. The two families had been connected by frequent marriages and territorial juxtaposition at Wistow, near Selby, ever since the fourteenth century, when their ancestors settled there side by side, and since that time there has been no break in the family. As we step out of doors and take our leave of the house we may notice two great stone balls reclining at the foot of the entrance steps. These at one time surmounted gate piers that terminated high brick walls about a formal garden which disappeared in 1786. Above both the main and side entrance doorways are sundials, that above the side door



Copyright.

6.—THE STAIRCASE.

"C.L."



Copyright.

7.—LOOKING FROM THE ENTRANCE HALL.

"C.L."

registering the hours from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., while the principal one proclaims that "Horas non numero nisi serenas," such as are apparently only to be experienced between 6 a.m. and 6 p.m.

It remains for me to thank Mr. H. V. Baines for providing me with copious extracts from the family book concerning the house and ancestors, from which I have drawn most of the facts rehearsed above.

C.

THE PINCHBECK AGE

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE INTERNATIONAL THEATRE EXHIBITION.

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

THERE is, I suppose, nothing so depressing in the nether-world of art, that limbo whence materials are drawn, as a theatrical costumier's shop. All is shabby; not one of the hundreds of things that glitter are gold, but more often painted pasteboard. The superannuated sordidness of the surroundings is more than enough to fill an honest man with a contempt and disgust of the stage. Even to-day, when considerable progress has been made towards truth in the production of plays, the epithet "theatrical" applied to a person is a stigma, the "property" of the actor is a synonym for imitation, and "the stage" still something of a reproach. Nor will any number of knighthoods raise the prestige of the profession so long as its methods are false. To enjoy a play acted in a theatre we have to shut out the light of day or wait until night has worked its subtle effect upon the mind by which we can condone the artificial.

It has all been a matter of evolution. The Elizabethans, for convenience, acted in the courtyards of inns, and ever since

costliness, and so long as they are paid for doing so, what hope is there for the little body of artist enthusiasts who have little money and few to understand them?

Not that they are difficult to understand. It is all so obvious. As you walk round the bright, clean galleries and look at the often exquisite designs or through the engaging dark chamber, peering into the peepshow-like model "sets," each illumined with appropriate radiance, the old "theatrical costumier" memory seems very distant, scarcely credible; how could we have put up with all that stuffy fustiness for so long? This is something like the real thing!

The real thing! Is it possible that we have always been going on the wrong tack and that drama is not really a matter of make-belief? That artists can actually make it the real thing, as Pirandoli suggests in the "Sei Personaggi"? The characters in a play are real to their creator, sometimes to the actors who play them. But can anyone in this world for a moment mistake the livid green foliage of wings, the strips of



1.—OSKAR STRNAD (BELGIUM). "DANTON'S DEATH."

we have adopted the inn yard for our model. A roof has been superimposed, the galleries encrusted with vulgar ornament, the stage surrounded by a gigantic picture frame, the seats upholstered in crimson plush, the—but you can describe it just as well for yourself, and no doubt sometimes feel that it is something of a change from the glorious ruined theatres of Greece and Rome, with their marble walls and exquisite carvings, roofed with the blue of heaven, and vistas to be seen beyond the stage of mountain, sea and the good things of earth. No doubt you will say, "Yes, but the climate of Western Europe does not permit of—" Agreed. But does the same climate produce these garish growths of plasterwork, of tinsel and painted canvas? Truth is the most beautiful, and at the same time the simplest thing in the world; drama without sincerity, or truth, is not drama at all, but mere apeing, and yet—and yet we collectively waste how many million pounds a year for the privilege of being made parties to a fraud, members in meretriciousness.

With some such thoughts in their minds, the more honest of the theatre designers of the world have combined to make the International Theatre Exhibition which is now being held at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Originating in Amsterdam, it has been transferred hither and enlarged by the efforts of the British Drama League, with Lord Howard de Walden and Mr. Geoffrey Whitworth in control, working in collaboration with Sir Cecil Harcourt Smith and Mr. Martin Hardie of the Museum, and many eminent writers, dramatists and artists, among whom are, first, Mr. Gordon Craig, our English leader "towards a new theatre," Messrs. Granville Barker, Bernard Shaw, Sir James Barrie, Sir J. Martin Harvey, etc. So it is a first-class affair; nothing *borné* or merely exotic about it. And it is the duty of all readers of COUNTRY LIFE, if I may say so, to pay it a visit, for only the so-called cultured classes can help forward our old theatre to a better state. It is for you that the mercenary managers put on show after show that have no merit save their



2.—ADOLPHE APPIA (SWISS). "THE ROCK OF THE VALKYRIES."

"sky" in the flies, the wrinkled back cloths painted with naturalistic scenes in a state of suspended animation, or any one of the hundreds of stage effects, for "the real thing"? I don't think so.

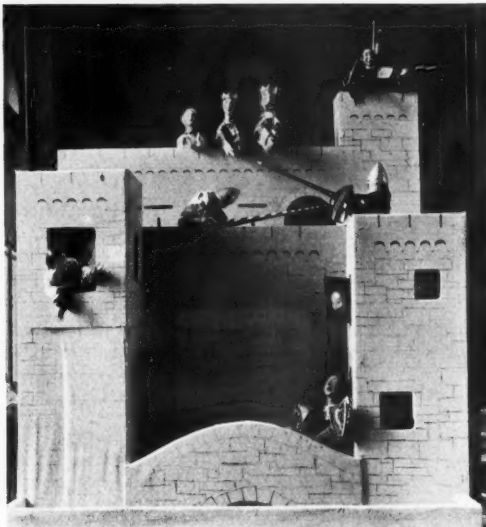
If, therefore, the characters in a play, with skilful acting, can preserve their reality, perhaps by eliminating everything false from their surroundings we shall get a production that is all real and true. That is the trend of rather more than half of the work in this exhibition. It is Gordon Craig's experiment and that of his followers—the late Claud Lovat Fraser, Norman Wilkinson, Norman Macdermott, Paul Shelving, Rothenstein, Rutherford and so on. Another result, attained from the same starting-point of argument, namely, how much in a play is to be real and how much make-believe, is seen in Puppets. There everything is "pretend." Not even the actors are real. Yet what intense pleasure we can get even out of that old common yet sole surviving puppet show—Punch and Judy!

Puppets, however, are a *cul de sac*. It is the living theatre that claims our attention. I have just been reading Craig's "The Theatre Advancing," published last year by Constable, and, together with his former work, "Towards a New Theatre," can recommend it to anybody who really wants to take this exhibition seriously. And, when you come to think of it, the theatre is an extraordinarily important place; I mean it might be. All the arts combine there. Poetry, literature, painting, dancing, music, design, the applied arts—they all go to make up the art of the theatre, which, however, is an entirely independent, not a composite, art.

A little further back I said that our present-day theatre, meaning the actual building, was evolved from an inn yard, more or less haphazard. There are several models of new stages in the exhibition, including a very well executed one of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, showing all the "bones" of the stage—traps, perches, bridges and the like. Mr. St. Leger



3.—ALBERT RUTHERSTON.
Design for *Autolycus* in "The Winter's Tale,"
Savoy Theatre, 1912.



4.—WILLIAM E. SIMMONDS.
A guignol.



5.—GORDON CRAIG.
Sketch for last moment of last act of
Hamlet.

Hill has made a model of a permanent setting for a repertory theatre, but it would not be so adaptable as the admirable stage at the Vieux-Colombier Theatre, Paris, by M. Louis Jouvet. There are in all ten illustrations of this remarkable stage as set for plays as different as "Twelfth Night" and "La Mort de Sparte." We give in Fig. 7 a diagrammatic view of it, showing the construction which alone, without any scenery, makes a setting for a classical play. The arch in the centre of the back also does duty for the Elizabethan inner stage, and the bridge over it as the corresponding "above" so often found in Shakespeare's stage directions. This bridge is attained from the stage by an ascending stair and from the flies by a descending stair, all of which present a level face to the front so that they can be screened with simple scenery to make a practicable house, interior or exterior. In some ways these drawings are the most interesting exhibits of all.

I should like to quote from "The Theatre Advancing" a conversation which Craig gives between himself and the great Italian veteran Salvini. He was showing him some of his designs and then asked him:

"Will you please tell me, can the actor act in such a scene?"

He turned round as if the ghost in "Hamlet" was about to enter. He frowned and said "Macché!" which is untranslatable, but means here, "Why ask me such an amazing question?" and he added, "These scenes liberate the actor; they liberate him from the little Gothic room in which he has been shut." Then he drew a big breath, spread out his hands as if about to address the Senate in that wonderful speech in "Othello": "Most potent, grave and reverend Signors"—then he touched one of the steps in one of the designs. You felt he wanted to be moving on it.

That is it. The little scenes at South Kensington make you feel you want to be moving on them. You feel instinctively you would thereby step into another existence, be liberated

from yourself. They don't make you want to be "theatrical." They make you want to be the Moor himself, the real thing.

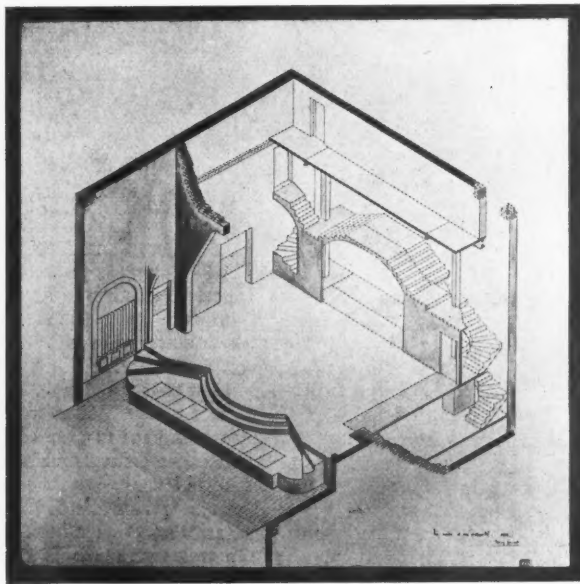
Perhaps the finest series of designs are Appia's, the great Swiss designer. We give a reproduction of a design for "The Rock of the Valkyries." It is only a drawing, but perfectly easy of construction, and of such a nature that while they do not pretend to be rocks, they convey an objective impression of rocks, and therefore undoubtedly are rocks. In Fig. 6 is a good bad setting for the graveyard scene in "Hamlet." It is bad in so far as the trees are too realistic to be really effective. It is good in that it is very simple, with a fine effect obtained with the panorama cloth—that is, a great sheet hung in a semicircle at the back of the stage which, by lighting, can be variegated like the sky and be made to appear misty and distant, indefinable. But the trees in it are superfluous.

The designs exhibited from Berlin are typical *kolossal* futurist conceptions that merely bore us. But a very fine series of drawings from Belgium by Oskar Strnad for Büchner's "Danton's Death" (Fig. 2), by their economical use of materials—a window, curtains and a few bits of wood—exhibit another method of staging a play that we have not hitherto described. "The Guillotine" is an example of a thoroughly effective and economical set, with nothing false or unnecessary in it, while Mr. Gordon Craig's sketch (Fig. 5) is perfectly simple, but with what grandeur!

But economy pure and simple can be carried too far. If it destroys sincerity it becomes stinginess. It is economy that is responsible for tawdriness. If we are to have a theatre that is true and beautiful, which daylight will not impair nor honesty expose, all that is in it must be, to the smallest item, a work of art. Expensive? Yes, but it will last, like the jewels in those great theatres—churches. The Greek theatre was a temple. Why not the English theatre too?



6.—G. KRUGER GRAY.
Graveyard scene for Sir J. Martin Harvey's *Hamlet*, 1920.



7.—LOUIS JOUVET (FRANCE).
Diagram of construction of the stage at the Vieux-Colombier Theatre,
Paris.

THE MOUNTED POLICE

AT this year's International Horse Show at Olympia, June 17th to 24th, the spectacular feature is provided by the Metropolitan Mounted Police, thirty men trained by Colonel Percy Laurie, D.S.O., at Imber Court. Their principal items are a Wild West show and Plaiting the Maypole, the former complete with cowboys and Indians *à la* Buffalo Bill, and the latter a particularly pretty species of musical ride to the band of the Royal Artillery, a troop of sixteen men on greys, bays and chestnuts, heralded by a trumpeter with banner of blue on which are the arms of the Force in silver. This, like all musical rides, apart from its beauty as a spectacle, is a

looted and broke windows over a wide area from Trafalgar Square to North and South Audley Street—chiefly owing to want of method of communication between various police districts, I should imagine). Anyway, the London police force was shortly after reformed and divided into four districts, each commanded by a chief constable, and the Mounted Branch greatly increased. The work of the mounted police is so well known that it requires little explanation, except that it is probably scarcely appreciated how absolute is the necessity of high training in efficiency of man and horse. It should be remembered that a mounted man has still an awe-inspiring effect on the mere pedestrian—in



CIVIL COMMOTION, MOUNTED POLICE SPLITTING UP A MOB.

fine example of horsemanship—that is, perfect training in use of “the aids” and perfect obedience to the same by the horses—a test of finished horsemanship but little understood even by the “horsey” section of the public, a great part of whom look on it as merely a performing animals turn.

The Mounted Branch of the Metropolitan Police were originally derived from the horse patrols which used to guard the suburbs of London, particularly the roads leading from the villages of Hampstead, Hammersmith, Chiswick, Hoxton, etc., much frequented by gentlemen of the road and others of like kidney. I believe originally troops of horse (regular cavalry) were detailed for this duty; but eventually horse patrols were attached to Bow Street Court and placed under the police about 1836, or soon after Peel's “New Police” were inaugurated. This Mounted Branch was greatly extended in 1886 by Sir Charles Warren after the Trafalgar Square riots, when the Foot Police found themselves unable to cope with a rapidly moving mob (which

fact, this would appear to be hereditary, dating from the first horseman

... Who woke the world's unrest,
To slake a King's ambition, or serve a maid's behest.

At the moment the mounted arm is out of fashion (judging by the cuts of “the Axe”). In actual fact, it is remarkable but none the less true, this arm has always done more by moral effect than by any damage it can inflict; even before the days of firearms, the long bow and the pike were quite capable of defeating steel-clad horsemen, always providing the infantry discipline was good enough. Yet the moral effect remains, and the efficacy with which mounted constables deal with a mob vastly outnumbering themselves is a proof of this statement. The psychology of crowds is well worth study, for in every mob lurk the elements of disorder, and the most unexpected, trivial and totally irrelevant incident may turn a merry crowd into a dangerous mob. It therefore behoves the



PUSHING NORTHWARDS. NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE PATROL.

forces of law and order not only to deal promptly with these situations, but with good humour and tact also. Herein lies the necessity of experience, high discipline and training of man and horse. A well trained horse is a cavalry man's best weapon; it is also the policeman's, but a nervous and ill-trained animal would be a danger to himself and everyone else, a horse plunging from fright or lashing out from nervousness being one of the trifling incidents likely to cause trouble in a crowd, especially if that is what the crowd is looking for!

On the other hand, a schooled charger, or rather troop

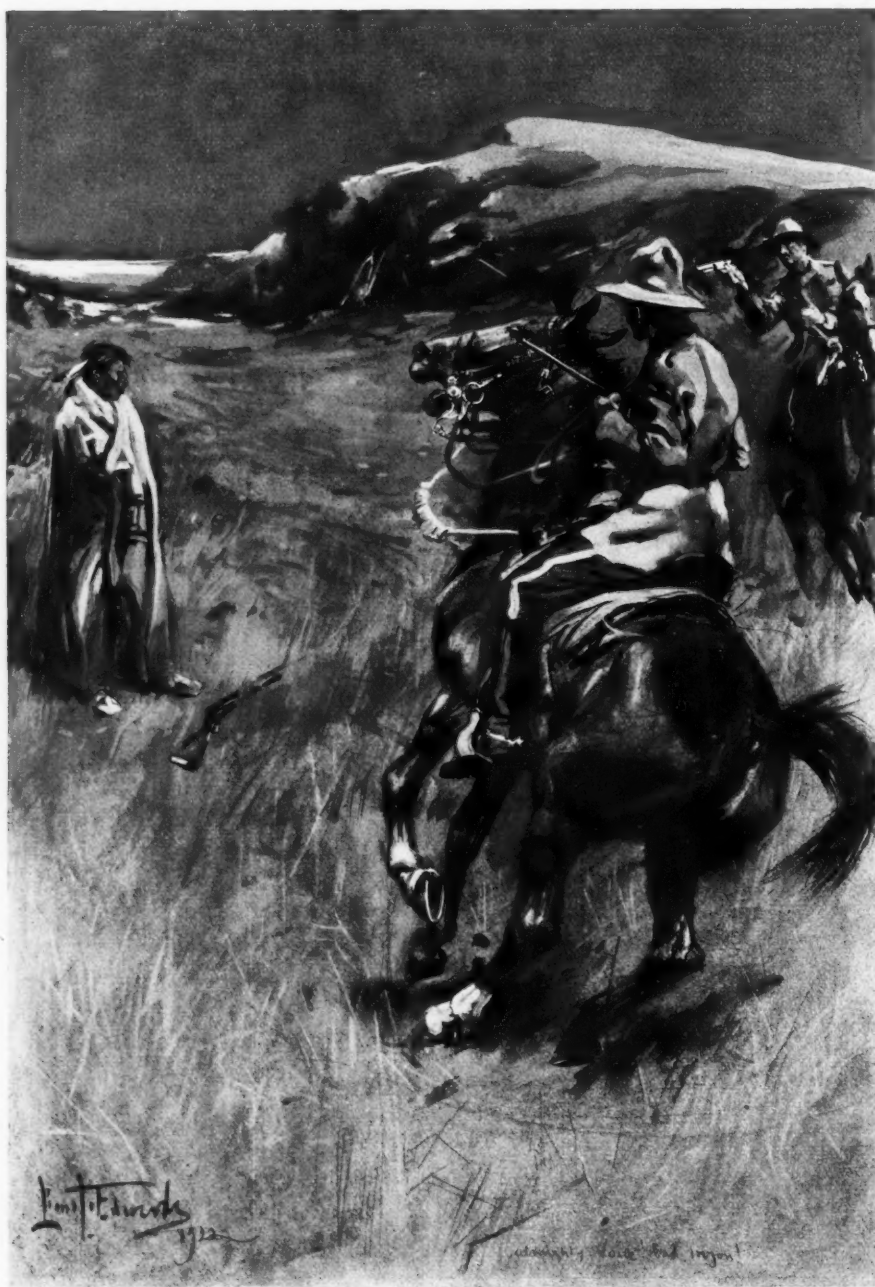
horse, impervious to noise, readily answering the slightest touch of rein and leg, is, in the hands of a good-humoured but determined man, no fragile weapon. To see a police horse passage along the front of a crowd is a wonderful sight, and the moral effect (of fearing their corns will be trodden on!) is more than that of very many foot constables. Although motor prepared slippery roads, tram lines, stone sets, asphalt and flag pavements may not sound ideal manœuvring ground for horses, yet it does not seem to incommode the police horse. Presumably practice makes perfect, as no country



THE ARM OF THE LAW. (AS IT USED TO BE.)



SETTLER SIGNING THE PATROL SHEET.



"ALMIGHTY VOICE, 'BAD INJUN!'"

horses could keep their feet the way they do.

It would seem peculiarly appropriate that the mounted police should choose the "Wild and Woolly West" as their "star turn," for the North-West produced the finest mounted police force in the world. The Royal North-West Mounted Police were formed in 1873, and were called into being owing to the general lawlessness that prevailed and also through not ungrounded fears of the red man. The latter were in a state of demoralised disorder through fire water (openly sold them in spite of the law), through the slaughter of the buffalo and consequent threat to their food supply, and through the increase of settlers in the land. Moreover, continually reinforced by Indians who fled from the States side of the border after trouble with Uncle Sam, they were a menace with which more than a few Regulars and Militia, stationed at far intervals and in the more civilised parts, were required to deal. On their formation the Royal North-West Mounted Police wore white helmets, scarlet coats, etc.; in fact, a dress similar to that of the Dragoon of the period. The red coat was adopted in deference to Indian prejudices. Always friendly with our red-coated Regulars, they looked on blue with suspicion as being too similar to the troops of the States, for whom they had no love!

In 1876 the Indian trouble came to a head on the other side of the border, and at the battle of the Little Big Horn the States cavalry got rather the worst of the bargain and lost their gallant, but impetuous, leader, General Custer. The Sioux not unnaturally expected to get it "in the neck" as a result of their (I expect) unexpected victory. Anyway, Sitting Bull and his "hostiles" fled into Canada, and the Royal North-West Mounted Police had 5,000 of them to shepherd while lengthy negotiations were carried on as to the custody of these Indians. For this most interesting chapter of Canadian history A. L. Haydon's "Riders of the Plains" is hard to beat, and I am indebted to it for considerable information.

The extension of the railway led to further trouble; strikes and "bad men" and Indians all gave their proportion of trouble. In 1885 came Riel's Revolt. Although the police in this played a comparatively minor part, yet it fell to two of their number to capture Louis Riel himself. This brings us to the artist's illustration of "Almighty Voice, 'Bad Injun!'" a scene typical of the arrest of many a "wanted" Indian, but not strictly correct with regard to "Almighty Voice," as the first attempt at arrest led to the death of the gallant police sergeant who made the attempt; while the sequel (after a year's interval) was a pitched battle between the Cree and two other bad Indians and a large force of police, armed with a nine-pounder. The battle ended

with the death of five police and the three Indians (two of the latter settled by the gun), the whole thing being started by the theft of a cow by one who, at least, in the end, well merited the name of "bad Injun!"

What with the gold rush, Klondyke, the Yukon, the increase of settlers of all nationalities and religions, the prevalence of horse thieves and cattle rustlers the police had plenty to do for many years.

This brings us to more modern days. The increase in population has led to more and more territory having to be policed as the inhabitants push further into the wilds. Police patrols have many and various duties, from patrolling the

border to house to house visitations. The latter, illustrated again, shows a patrol visiting an out of the way spot and the settler signing the patrol sheet with, we presume, no complaints. Again, patrols may be of a special nature—visits to outlying posts, mail carrying, or criminal investigation. By horse, canoe, dogs and sledges they cover enormous distances. Pioneers of civilisation, they are ever pushing northward, and in these days posts are established and the arm of the law is felt even within the Arctic circle. I do not know what the record patrol may be, but mention is made in "Riders of the Plains" of a patrol which covered no fewer than 3,347 miles!

ANISEED.

JANE AUSTEN AT SEVENTEEN

WHICH of us could have dared to hope for a new novel from the pen of Jane Austen at this time of day? The first mention of it upset one's equilibrium. Jane Austen was an author complete, her works in the bookcase filling a little shelf to which it would be impious to add or to subtract. Her's is the perfect novel, the perfect style. No other woman writer enters into comparison with her. We opened the new book dubiously, beginning at the end in order to avoid any glamour thrown over these fragments by Mr. Chesterton's preface. The last section is called "Scraps," and opens with a letter to Miss Austen's niece, so that it belongs to her maturity. Then there is a collection of letters such as Miss Austen loved to write in characters. "The History of England" is a skit by "a partial, prejudiced, and ignorant historian" adorned with delightful cameos, and "Lesley Castle" "an unfinished novel in letters." These pieces were well worth preserving, but the most delightful is that which comes first, "Love and Freindship," a story told in fifteen letters. Each letter will be recognised as a little masterpiece by anyone who can imagine Jane Austen at the age of seventeen. That is less difficult for us to do than it would have been for the past generation. To-day a girl of seventeen is rapidly arriving at her best physically and mentally. We do not know what Jane Austen was like physically, but we know that the girl of her position to-day is lissom of limb and cheerfully audacious in mind, as witness the extraordinary number of girls of that age and under who have written good verse and even published books. Probably there are many exquisite young plants of that kind in the English garden. We know the fate of most of them. Atalanta, whose running and leaping were a joy to recognise, begins from that period or a little later to wilt. She is put into long dresses, wears high-heeled boots and other constrictive apparel, with the result that her speed is lost and her style of running begins to resemble that of one of the milky mothers of the dairy; so with her mind. At seventeen her wit was as quick as ever it would be, her charm and daring at their boldest and her individuality lighted up with the joy of youth and living, but as soon as her hair is up and she begins to wear the aforesaid high-heeled boots and conventional draperies, her mind becomes conventionalised too, and the interest in her passes away. That is speaking of the common or the average girl, but, as in the garden, there is among a large number of plants one that will develop on every side, so we have brilliant exceptions in personalities. Jane Austen did not stop growing, and one can see in "Love and Freindship" the talent, spirit and grace that are found in their ripe maturity in "Pride and Prejudice." We are sure, however, that this novel will be read mostly, not as the student reads for the purpose of piecing together a biography, but as youth reads, for sheer delight. It has all the amusing characteristics of the novelist in her prime, but it is also full of crudenesses and extravagances that would make anyone laugh coming from the lips of seventeen, though a little more restraint would be expected when the artist ripened.

The little book is a most amusing picture of the manners of the period. One would wager that even at this tender age Jane had been dipping into the pages of Fielding and certainly into those of Laurence Sterne. Her heroine is distinctly a relative of Fielding's Jonathan Wild, himself a progenitor of Thackeray's "Barry Lyndon."

My Father was a native of Ireland and an inhabitant of Wales; my Mother was the natural Daughter of a Scotch Peer by an Italian Opera-girl—I was born in Spain and received my Education at a Convent in France.

The Sterne passage will be found in Letter 5th:

One Evening in December as my Father, my Mother and myself, were arranged in social converse round our Fireside, . . .

a knock on the door was heard. It occupies a couple of

pages that would not have been out of place in the "Sentimental Journey" or "Tristram Shandy" to usher in the noble youth, whose name was Lindsay—"for particular reasons however I shall conceal it under that of Talbot." He proposes to her on the spot and says:

"Oh! when will you reward me with Yourself?"

"This instant, Dear and Amiable Edward," (replied I). We were immediately united by my Father, who tho' he had never taken orders had been bred to the Church.

They go to his aunt's in Middlesex. He asks Augusta, his sister:

"... did you ever know me consult his inclinations or follow his Advice in the least trifling Particular since the age of fifteen?"

"Edward (replied she) you are surely too diffident in your own praise. Since you were fifteen only! My Dear Brother since you were five years old, I entirely acquit you of ever having willingly contributed to the satisfaction of your Father."

Then comes an affecting scene between Edward and his friend, Augustus, which was "too pathetic for the feelings of Sophia and myself—We fainted alternately on a sofa."

The story goes on at breakneck speed. In the next chapter the beautiful Augustus is arrested for debt, and the others "were informed than an Execution in the House would shortly take place. 'Ah!' she sighs, 'what could we do but what we did. We sighed and fainted on the sofa.'"

She and Sophia make their way to Scotland, where they induce the daughter of Macdonald, who is very kind to them, to marry an astute fortune-hunter instead of the man whom her father wished her to marry. This would not have been found out but for the little incident that Sophia, who with a private key happened one day to open a private drawer in Macdonald's library, discovered that it was there he kept his papers of consequence and also a number of banknotes. The two got into the habit of helping themselves to these notes, and Sophia was caught in the act. We must leave the sequel for the reader to enjoy.

It would be very difficult to paraphrase these inimitable letters, and to give them in their completeness would not only be unfair, but highly inconvenient. The adventures of Laura in Scotland are told with a profusion of sarcasm and general cleverness that only Miss Austen could have produced. What could be better than this about a girl who was "nothing more than a mere good-tempered, civil and obliging young woman; as such we could scarcely dislike her—she was only an Object of Contempt—" By this time Laura is separated from Sophia, whose dying words were:

"My fate will teach you this. . . . I die a Martyr to my greif for the loss of Augustus. . . . One fatal swoon has cost me my Life. . . . Beware of swoons Dear Laura. . . . A frenzy fit is not one quarter so pernicious; it is an exercise to the Body and if not too violent, is I dare say conducive to Health in its consequences—Run mad as often as you chuse; but do not faint—"

These were the last words she ever addressed to me. . . . It was her dying Advice to her afflicted Laura, who has ever most faithfully adhered to it.

We hope that we have said enough to enable the reader to recreate something of the Jane Austen at seventeen, or at any rate turn his attention to a most amusing book.

* *Love and Freindship, and Other Early Works.* by Jane Austen. (Chatto and Windus.)

The Secret Places of the Heart, by H. G. Wells. (Cassell, 7s. 6d.) MR. WELLS has made a thoroughly frank and honest attempt to investigate the secret places of his hero's heart. Only that frankness and honesty could bring us to the point at which we find ourselves understanding Sir Richmond's doctor when, at the end of the book, he reflects: "It was extraordinary—he saw it now for the first time—he loved this man." For, stated baldly, this man's emotional history is comprised in the facts that he is the husband of one woman, the lover of another who is his mistress, and involved in a breathless affair with a third. These facts, on the face of them, hardly make for attractiveness

yet Mr. Wells compels our sympathy. He has never written with more insight or literary skill. A single sentence, for instance, makes a character live. "Hers was that type of face that under even the most pleasant and luxurious circumstances still looks bravely and patiently enduring"—and we have Sir Richmond's wife. Half a sentence—"a very sad and handsome face, the face of a sensitive youth rather than the face of a woman"—and we have his artist mistress. As for the swift idyll with the American girl, Miss Grammont, it is the most delicate and spiritualised thing of the sort that Mr. Wells has ever done. And it brings him to a conclusion which admirably states a modern attitude: "There is only one decent way in which a civilised man and a civilised woman may approach one another. Passionate desire is not enough. What is called love is not enough. Pledges, rational considerations, all these things are worthless. All these things are compatible with hate. The primary essential is friendship, clear understanding, absolute confidence. Then within that condition, in that elect relationship, love is permissible, mating, marriage or no marriage, as you will—all things are permissible. . . ." But, after all, it is the story of Mr. Wells' heart, traceable between the lines of his successive books, that is the most interesting, the most exciting of all the stories that he has written. For what Mr. Wells really attacks in every book that he writes is this business that confronts all of us—the business of living; and he attacks it with increasing sincerity and passion. He investigates the cage of human life with furious energy from corner to corner, determined to get at the truth about its meaning. Is that truth to be reached by way of science or art? Mr. Wells will reach it in a new book, or know the reason why. Is the secret hidden in love, passion, friendship? Will history reveal it? Will religion, education, organisation, democratic government? Mr. Wells tries them all; he is repeatedly baffled, but only to fight better. Time and again we think as we read, "This is going to be the book"; yet it never is—quite. For victory in this particular battle is in a sense too easy, since it consists merely in the realisation that there is nothing to fight about, that the cage is all the time standing open. So Mr. Wells is still, as it were, gazing out of that open door; he is still not quite at the point of discarding the newer and shinier among the crutches that supported earlier versions of himself in travels round the cage, and of trusting himself, on his newly discovered wings, to the blue. But he will do it yet. And then he will come back to the cage and, in that eager, confident, sociable spirit of his that has endeared him to us, he will make his ultimate discovery ours too. That, at least, is how this latest book of his strikes us. Mr. Wells, we feel, is now on the very point of abandoning all his previous panaceas for the improvement of the human race, and of making the stupendous discovery of the man who has learnt how to shake off that persistent companion of all of us, "l'homme moyen sensuel"—the discovery that "sooner or later we come to care for nothing but souls." This discovery is, of course, not new; every true prophet, poet, priest, philosopher and mystic travels the same road to the same end. But usually they preserve for us only the results of their spiritual journey. What is so valuable, it seems to us, in the work of Mr. Wells is that his books form a sort of manual of the various stages of that journey. For he has never hesitated either to write down his latest theory concerning God and man, or to discard it as soon as he thought of another that seemed to him better. Above all things, that is to say, Mr. Wells lives and grows; we have only to think back to his earlier books to realise how much he has grown. We yield to no one in admiration of such old friends as "Kipps" and "Mr. Polly"; but we can conceive of a Mr. Wells stung to madness by the well-meaning persons who implore him to repeat these feats. It is, because he has grown, a thing out of nature. No; the book, we think, that he has still to give us is the book that shall combine with those earlier gifts of sympathy, characterisation and humour his later knowledge that "the only revolution that matters is the revolution in the spirit of man."

Some Things that Matter. (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d. net.) SINCE it is just as important to know why things matter as that they matter, the author of this book does not leave the reader long in doubt as to the purpose he has in view. It is success in life; his things that matter are the things which help one to get on. If the title of "Self-Help" had not been anticipated by the late Mr. Samuel Smiles, it would have served very well to indicate the scope of the book in which Lord Riddell has collected the short papers which he has from time to time contributed to *John o' London's Weekly*. He wrote these admirable little essays to help others along the road to honourable success, where none is better fitted to act as guide. Who follows Lord Riddell's lead will "live laborious days," and though he may not be required to "scorn delights"—indeed, why should he scorn them?—he will have to eschew them during office hours and even sacrifice some of his earlier leisure. "Concentration," Emerson has said, "is the secret of success." Lord Riddell takes that as the motto of his first essay and subscribes to it wholeheartedly. Concentration often makes all the difference between success and failure, and it is, as he says, a habit of mind. Not a natural habit, however, but one that has to be cultivated with much toil and perseverance, though when once you have got it, it becomes "the great liberator and yields large dividends of leisure." The author says that when he has a spare half-hour he sometimes summarises a long Law Report for amusement, just to see how quickly and briefly he can set forth the facts and the reasons for the decision. Next to concentration he puts observation as a faculty to be cultivated not merely casually but regularly; first, so that nothing may escape your eye and then—which is the vital thing—so that nothing important may escape it. "If you want to describe a landscape," he says, "you must not pay too much attention to worm casts. You want to look at the great vistas. On the other hand, if you are going to purchase a field for agricultural purposes, you must pay close attention to the character of the soil." That is neatly said, and these pages are studded with such aphoristic phrases. "Why do the stupid," he asks, "so often dominate the clever?" Because they know, is his answer, where they want to go and move forward with a steady persistent effort. Again, he says: "The most important thing in life is good judgment," and "Habits have no eyes. They do not see the danger ahead. That is the driver's duty." Lord Riddell is in the true succession of the "moral essayists," with the morality subdued to the rôle of the onion in the salad bowl. Perhaps the boldest and most individual observation in the volume occurs in the chapter, "How to Read," where Lord Riddell says that, when asked to pick out a few books best calculated to form the character of a young man of twenty-one, he had in mind to suggest the following: Anson

on "Contracts," Pollock on "Torts," the first sixty-three pages of Best on "Evidence," Shakespeare and an anthology of English verse. That is truly a list to make the pundits stare. Three law books, Shakespeare and the Golden Treasury! It is a pretty mingling of the *utile* and the *dulce*, and the *utile*, be it observed, comes first. How Charles Lamb would have stammered surprise! But Lord Riddell sticks to his guns, saying that the man who had pondered well these books would know how to judge evidence, would be conversant with his rights and duties as a citizen, while he would learn from Shakespeare and the poets a knowledge of the world and human nature, and how to enjoy life and bear his troubles. Not a bad equipment for Twenty-One. There are two interesting chapters on "The Art of Public Speaking" and "Maxims for Speakers," from the former of which the following passage is taken:

"Mr. Lloyd George carefully prepares his set speeches, the heads of the argument being set down in detail on half sheets of stiff paper and important phrases being written out in full. Mr. Winston Churchill adopts a different practice. He dictates his set speeches in their entirety. The Earl of Balfour usually makes a few notes on the back of a large envelope, but often speaks without notes and prepares his arguments while on his legs. Mr. Bonar Law plans his speeches in his head, and never uses notes. Lord Birkenhead more or less adopts the Balfourian method."

Lord Riddell mentions that he knows one excellent speaker who, in order to maintain his style and keep up his vocabulary, reads two chapters of the Bible every night. "I regarded him as a devout person," he slyly adds, "until I discovered his reason." An arresting comment in the same chapter is, "All the utterances of Jesus Christ may well be studied from the oratorical point of view." But surely many would challenge the use of the word "oratorical" in that connection. The author's own legal training and the supreme value which he attaches to such a training are strongly brought out in his chapters on "Circumstantial Evidence," "Facts and Influences," "Legal Maxims," "Hearsay and What is Relevant"; but even over these pages, as over the rest, there plays the personality of the author—always keenly interested and observant, tolerant of the foibles of others, sympathetic in the presence of misfortune, shrewd and ripe in judgment, and of a mellow worldly wisdom which finds constant and helpful expression.

My Daughter Helen. by Allan Monkhouse. (Cape, 6s.)

AN impression of distinction is what remains in one's mind after reading Mr. Allan Monkhouse's latest book—distinction of style and treatment achieved, perhaps, a little at the expense of movement and certainly at the expense of all those readers who want a story and do not care very much about the actors in it so long as they say their lines and do their stage business satisfactorily. Mr. Daunt, the father of Helen, a *dilettante* of literature and a kind but terribly self-conscious parent, shows his own character in his writing, or at least Mr. Monkhouse shows it for him, very skillfully. Helen's two lovers, Antony and Marmaduke, are drawn with such nicety that they lose the sharp, unnatural black and white peculiar to characters in fiction and show nearly as entirely in half-tones as people one really meets. Marmaduke, who is an unpleasant but appealing person, wins Helen, who is unconsciously more of a mother than a wife, and remains his patient and faithful mate—she has never really been his lover—to the end of the book, when he disappears into gaol as the result of a very impertinent forgery. Helen is one of those fine dumb, elemental women whose loyal strength is a tower to all who need them and who, in the rare instances when they have cleverness and passion as well as their other qualities, are the very salt of the earth. Helen is neither clever nor passionate, but though life is able to buffet her on every side she never loses her calm or her loyalty. You feel that a cleverer woman might have kept Marmaduke honest and faithful, but could a cleverer woman have been able to go on caring whether he was either? The fact that such a point can be debated proves how very real Mr. Monkhouse has made his puppets, even though it takes almost the whole of the story—a short one, it must be admitted—to do it.

رحمة الله, That is, *The Mercy of Allah*, by Hilaire Belloc. (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.)

MR. BELLOC, you see, is very thorough. None out of the extraordinary range of books that have come from his pen has been skimped, or contains an instance of loose thinking. Whether he writes of Marie Antoinette or of Godolphin Horne, of the Downs or a Change in the Cabinet, he throws his whole tremendous energy into the task. In this book we are transported to Baghdad of the Arabian Nights, and follow the career of a certain Mahmoud in the acquisition of a gigantic fortune by all the disreputable means that Mr. Belloc can think of. It is, in fact, a satire against merchant princes, in the strain of "Emmanuel Burden," punctuated into sections by the intolerable shriek of the Muezzin. Indeed, the whole book is like an Oriental melody—a continual thumping upon one note, which, however diverting it may be at first, like the spot stroke at billiards, becomes in the aggregate monotonous. Besides, Mr. Belloc's thoroughness is apt to destroy the force of his satire; there is no relief from his bitterness. In books like "Emmanuel Burden" and "Mr. Clutterbuck's Election" the continual movement of the story makes up for the monotony of sentiment; but here is no movement—nothing but thump, thump, thump.

BOOKS WORTH READING.

The War in the Air: being the Part Played in the Great War by The Royal Air Force, by Sir Walter Raleigh. (Vol. I, Clarendon Press, 21s.)

William De Morgan and his Wife, by A. M. W. Stirling. (Butterworth, 25s.)

Countries of the Mind: Literary Essays, by J. Middleton Murry. (Collins, 10s. 6d.)

A Pepysian Garland, Black Letter Broadside Ballads of the Years 1595–1639, edited by Ryder E. Rollins. (Cambridge University Press, 21s.)

FICTION.

Da Silva's Widow, by Lucas Malet. (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)

Career, by Dorothy Kennard. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)

Clorinda Walks in Heaven, by A. E. Coppard. (Golden Cockerel Press, 6s. 6d.)

AT THE RICHMOND HORSE SHOW



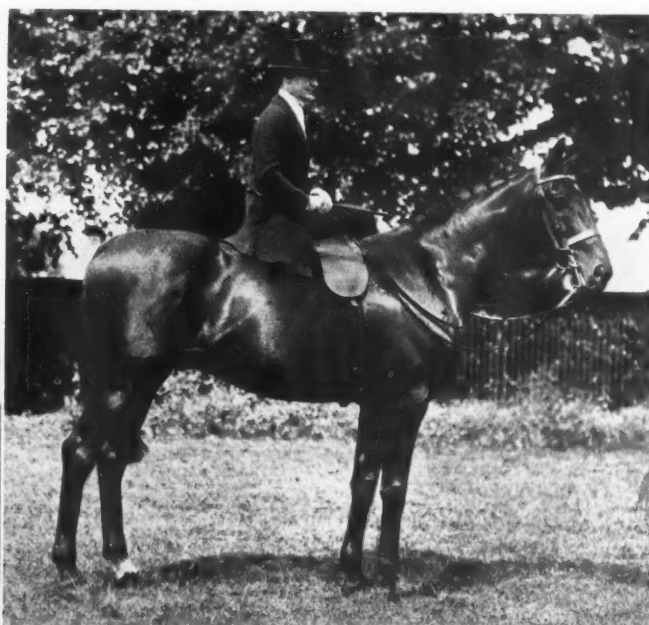
MR. C. F. GODDARD'S TEAM OF BLACKS.
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MAJOR STEWART RICHARDSON'S PROUD EAGLE.
Winner of Challenge Cup for Best Novice Park Hack.



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MR. B. GILES BISHOP'S TREASURY.
The Champion Hunter.



BIG BEN.
Winner of the King's Challenge Cup for the Best Trained Horse.

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HINTS FOR GOLFING HANDICAPPERS

SOME GOOD ADVICE FROM THE YORKSHIRE UNION.

GOLFERS may be divided into three main classes in respect of their views on handicapping. There are, first of all, those who wish to have their powers so accurately judged that they shall stand an exactly equal chance with their competitors. This is an exceedingly small and select class. Indeed, I am not sure that I am personally acquainted with a single player who is a member of it. Secondly, there are those who have strong commonsense and an eminently practical turn of mind. They want to be handicapped as high as they can in order that they may win as many matches or medals or half-crowns as possible. This is a fairly large class, yet not so large as the non-golfer would from his knowledge of human nature perhaps suppose. Thirdly, there is by far the largest class to which most of us, I am afraid, belong. The members of it are rather vain, capricious and "contrary." They want to win the medals and half-crowns, but they desire still more keenly to be considered better players than, in fact, they are. Therefore they are apt to take the raising of their handicaps as a wanton insult and a reflection on their personal honour.

It is clear that as we are nearly all so tiresome and unreasonable in one way or another, the handicapper's life is not likely to be a happy one. It is at this moment particularly strenuous, because handicaps are in the melting-pot. As is well known, scratch scores have been, or are being, fixed all over the country under the auspices of the Championship Committee, and handicapping committees are now readjusting club handicaps on this basis. Different committees are setting about it in rather different ways. In the larger clubs what has, in fact, been done is something like this. There is some member who is a well known player and has lately had his handicap readjusted at a championship club. Perhaps by way of example he played last autumn in the Jubilee Vase at St. Andrews. He is therefore put on the same mark as at St. Andrews, and other people's handicaps are put up accordingly. In smaller clubs there has been a general putting up of handicaps by two or three strokes. Rome was not built in a day. Things are beginning to settle down, but there is, of course, a certain number of anomalies owing to different committees taking different views. Therefore the Yorkshire Union of Golf Clubs, a very able and energetic body, has issued to its clubs a memorandum on the subject, setting out the scratch scores that have been fixed for Yorkshire courses and suggesting various ways in which it is now possible to make "a step forward in the matter of co-ordination of handicaps." This document has received the blessing of the Championship Committee. I have just been reading it with interest and admiration, and will take the liberty of quoting some of its excellent advice.

"Scrap all existing handicaps," such is its bold and direct beginning, "and begin absolutely afresh. Handicap from your scratch score, pivoting on your best player." First the handicap of that best player is to be fixed, and a clue is given in the fact that Mr. Hodgson is plus 1 and that seven other Yorkshire players, including Mr. Bernard Wragg, are scratch. One who was a pre-war scratch, we are told, should now, presuming his game is the same as it was, be 3 or 4. Now come directions as to subsequent alterations which I will quote very nearly in full. "Continue to pivot on your best player. Do not lower his handicap unless he returns more than one nett medal card lower than your scratch score. Raise it if he never gets within, say, 2 of the scratch score and you consider he is too low. If

he wins a competition with a nett score higher than the scratch, and you desire to lessen his chances of winning competitions against his club-mates, do not lower his handicap but *raise theirs*. (It is just because handicap committees did not act on this principle in the past that many Yorkshire players' handicaps were unduly flattering to their skill.) Do not handicap too severely. Do not reduce players with a handicap of 6 or better more than one stroke at a time; of 7—12 more than two strokes; of 13—24 more than three strokes (except perhaps in the case of young and rapidly improving players). . . . When altering handicaps take into consideration the age of the player; the number of years he has been playing; the condition of the course, and the climatic conditions on the day. . . . If the condition of the course and the climatic conditions were exceptionally unfavourable, regard your scratch score as being *for that day* one or more strokes higher than the official figure."

That seems to me to be most excellent advice, clearly put. There is, too, a note worth quoting: "To save the trouble of altering the figures of all the members except one on the handicap list posted in the club-house, it would be sufficient to put up a clearly written notice to the effect that 'Every handicap on this list except so-and-so's is increased by one stroke as from this date.' " Nothing very subtle or original in that, people may say. Possibly not; nevertheless, I am sure that individual golfers have often had their handicaps too low simply in order to save the trouble of putting everybody else up. The secretarial imagination has boggled at the task of all that scratching out and writing in. Well, here is a simple way out for him.

I should like finally to quote a very sensible observation about Bogey, more especially as I have found that there is in the minds of many golfers an apparently ineradicable confusion between Bogey and the scratch score. "The Bogey score of each hole may be anything that the committee desire. It need not bear any relationship at all to the scratch score. The phrase 'Bogey score of our course' ought to pass out of use. The so-called Bogey score of a course is no criterion of its difficulty (or otherwise) and is certainly a very fallacious figure upon which to compare the course with other courses." When I read those words of wisdom I nearly arose, though alone in my own room, and gave three hearty cheers for the Yorkshire Union. If they are taken to heart by club committees, then Bogey will become what he ought to be, namely, a device for a not too strenuous and rather entertaining form of competition *and nothing more*. As Bogey is, or used to be, supposed to represent a scratch player, it may be more logical to make the total of the Bogey score the same as that of the scratch score, but it may well be that it will add to the general pleasure of the members to make the Bogey a fairly vulnerable antagonist. It is a domestic concern which each club can settle best for itself. Let us only be free from that strange form of imbecility which makes golfers judge a hole, not by its intrinsic merits, but by the Bogey. I have often heard players, who ought to know a great deal better, suggest that a certain hole should be lengthened or shortened, not because it would improve the hole as a test of golf or as an amusing hole to play, but because "it would make it a better Bogey four (or five)." What causes them to do it I have never been able to discover, but it makes one wish Colonel Bogey at the bottom of the nethermost pit. That is really unjust to him, for if kept in his proper place he is, like many other military gentlemen, a harmless and even agreeable old person.

BERNARD DARWIN.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE POLO PONY HEIGHT QUESTION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Surely it is high time that the Polo Committee of the Hurlingham Club came to some definite decision as to fixing the limit of the height for polo ponies. From the breeder's point of view, it is essential that something should now be done so that he may know the standard to be aimed at in breeding ponies for the game. The present position is as follows: Last year there was no height limit—a decision which was arrived at probably owing to the scarcity of ponies following the war years, and also possibly on account of the then impending International matches, although most breeders and players expected that the height limit would have been fixed at 15h., with an allowance for shoes. Now, unless some height limit is decided on, players cannot expect that breeders of the high-class galloping pony will be able to continue their efforts to increase the supply of ponies suitable for the game. May I, as an old breeder, urge upon those who have the interests of polo

at heart, and who serve on the Hurlingham Committee, to encourage and not to damp the ardour of those members of the National Pony Society who for some years have devoted their efforts to breeding high class playing ponies? I fear that most players give very little thought as to how their ponies are produced, or where they come from, but it is perfectly certain that unless some guidance and sympathetic co-operation is given to breeders by the governing body who legislate for the game, then the typical polo pony will become more scarce and expensive, and so restrict the expansion of one of the greatest of our sports. Chopping and changing about as the Hurlingham Committee have been doing for the last thirty years with regard to the height limit is discouraging to the breeder and, I venture to suggest, not advantageous to the game or to players. As a breeder, I say, let us know your height limit and what you want, and we will try to produce the article; but do not, by the lack of a definite policy, hinder and frustrate the good work which breeders of polo ponies have been doing for the last thirty years or more. The

present "go as you please" method, if persisted in, can only bring disaster to all concerned. —TRESHAM GILBEY.

A UNIQUE SPOT. CAN IT BE SAVED?

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Few people would believe that a tropical water lily grows and flourishes in Europe, where it is a genuine native. Such is nevertheless the case. The natural hot springs of Szent Laszlo, or Bishopsbad, some ten miles south-east of Nagyvarad (Grosswardein), formerly in Hungary, but now ceded to Roumania, are the only known place in the world where this wonderful and beautiful plant is found in a wild state. This water lily was formerly considered to be identical with the Nile water lily, *Nymphaea lotus*, but is now regarded as a distinct species, as was first pointed out by the famous Swiss botanist, De Candolle, in 1821, who named it *Nymphaea thermalis*. Before this date the plant was in cultivation in the United Kingdom under the name of *Nymphaea lotus*, and is figured on plate 797

of the volume of the *Botanical Magazine* published in 1805. The plants grow in two or three ponds filled with very hot steaming water, the apparent source of the tiny Pecze River, which finally finds its way into the River Koros. These hot springs also harbour a most peculiar fresh water mollusc, *Melanopsis parreysii*, long rows of which are often offered to visitors strung on strings by the children of the district. This snail is of exceptional interest, owing to the polymorphism it exhibits. Students of conchology seem uncertain whether it should rank as a distinct species confined to these hot springs or not. The casual visitor to Szent Laszlo is at once interested in this bathing resort, discovered as possessing health-giving powers in 1845 by the late Dr. F. Grosz. Many of the patients are peasants, who come to take the baths, busy men with but little time to spare. The physician orders twenty baths—an hour daily for three weeks. The patients have no time to spare and remain immersed in the hot water for twenty-four hours, leaving Szent Laszlo again the next day, stating that their ailments are ameliorated. A Transylvanian newspaper (by name *Ellenzek*) states that these ponds, the only locality for the beautiful water lily, are to be drained. May I put in a plea for their preservation?—A TRAVELLER.

TUBERCULIN FREE SHORTHORNS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Mr. J. B. Manuel came to my farms on January 20th to test six young bulls and three heifers, every one of which passed the tuberculin test. On May 18th he attended again, particularly to test two young bulls and two heifers which are going to the Royal Show, and again all were duly passed. Now, it surely cannot be a coincidence that year after year Mr. Manuel tests my home-bred Shorthorns and never one fails to pass the test. I do wish we could get all breeders to set out a record of their testing and the results. This would be for the eventual good of every Shorthorn breeder.—S. F. EDGE.

SNAKE v. ROBIN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—One day I was preparing to go home after my day's work in British Columbia when I heard some birds making a tremendous screeching and clatter. Wondering at the uproar, I went to see what it was. In a row of pollarded poplars I came across two exceedingly agitated American robins. I expected to see a cat, but on looking at the top of one poplar about which they were darting I saw a bull snake coiled round the robin's nest attempting to swallow a baby robin. After poking it with a stick I managed to make it disgorge the young bird, then caught hold of it by the tail and dragged the protesting and reluctant reptile on to the path. I stood by to see what the robins would do. They appeared to recognise me as a friend, for they took no notice of me, but from a fence wire took it in turns to make dashes at the snake, pecking at its head as they flew past. The snake hissed ominously and tried to strike at them. This went on for about twenty minutes, the birds hopping round and every now and then making a dart at the snake. Things got no further, but eventually the snake crawled into a patch of grass where the birds dared not approach. I managed to wound the snake severely, if not mortally, with a large stone, and the birds finished it off. A pair of wild canaries were interested spectators in a neighbouring tree and kept up a running fire of comments. The interesting part of the incident was the complete lack of fear of the robins for me, from whom normally they would have retreated in great haste and alarm.—J. L. THRING.

THRESHING WITH THE FLAIL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I notice in your paper of May 6th your correspondent, Mr. Ratcliffe, speaks of an old stone-lined threshing floor. My youth was all spent in the country in Somersetshire, where all threshing floors were of wood raised on sleepers; hence the peculiar and musical sound of the flail. I know for a certainty sixty and seventy years ago stone floors were never used; the jar to the arm of the man would have been terrible and the risk great of smashing the grain. I was very fond of watching the thresher and have often tried to copy him, the result being I gave myself some hard knocks. The winnowing machine spoken of by Mr. Ratcliffe was used.—A. T.

LONDON STREETS AND THEIR RECENT BUILDINGS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I find it difficult to express in adequate terms the service which Professor Reilly, through the medium of *COUNTRY LIFE*, is doing for Londoners by his series (as I hope) of articles on London streets. The only pity is that you have left it so late, twenty years at least. I should, by the way, like to correct one very slight error in Professor Reilly's text. He refers to Piccadilly Circus "or Regent's Circus as it was then called." It was Oxford Circus that originally had that name, as can be seen from one of the photographs that I enclose of that circus looking east, taken by the old Stereoscopic Company when I was a young man, some time in the 'eighties. The second photograph I enclose, of the Quadrant, shows this beautiful sweep before the ponderous

Street and Charing Cross Road. I look forward with deep interest to Professor Reilly's ensuing articles, and remain, Sir, a grateful, if elderly, STREET ARAB.

[We reproduce the picture of the Quadrant which our correspondent sends, and also a distant view from higher up the street, from an engraving earlier than that mentioned above.—ED.]

DIFFICULTIES OF A BULLFINCH HOUSEHOLD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I should be greatly obliged if you or one of your readers could give me any advice on the following case: I have a pair of bullfinches which have mated in a cage. I put a foundation nest between two perches and gave them the same material for building used in their wild state, out of which the hen



A DISTANT VIEW OF THE QUADRANT ABOUT 1820.



THE QUADRANT IN THE EARLY 'EIGHTIES.

mass of the Piccadilly Hotel was deposited there by Norman Shaw. The roof of "Jimmy's," as St. James's Hall used to be called, where I remember hearing de Rougemont describing his "adventures," seems to me actually to accentuate the curve of the Quadrant. The balcony is, I believe, the work of Pennithorne, who added it when Nash's colonnade was removed, the sole remnant of which are the Doric columns in Swallow Street. I should like to have sent you one or two of J. Shotter Boys' lithographs of London in the 'forties, but I thought your readers might be pleased to see the old horse 'buses again (the Royal Blue, for instance) and the gentlemen in their "toppers" riding upon the upper deck of the Charing Cross 'bus. Regent Street has always been a charming, sunny thoroughfare. Now, I fear, the ascending skyline will plunge it into a gloom which is only too apparent in such places as Victoria

made a nest, but on three occasions when the nest was practically completed it has been destroyed by the cock. I should like to know the reason for this, and if the two birds should be separated. They seem to be on very affectionate terms, the cock feeding the hen with digested food about every half-hour. A fortnight ago, when the nest had been completed and then destroyed, I found a broken egg on the floor of the cage, and since then the hen has twice tried to rebuild. The cock gets wildly excited over the nest and endeavours to mate with the hen with the greater part of the lining in his beak. When I am at home both birds are allowed out of the cage and always go back of their own accord. The hen is very tame, coming to my shoulder whenever I enter the room. The cock I have failed to thoroughly tame, although I have had him for several years.—ALICK E. HAMILTON.

ON AN ARGENTINE ESTANCIA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I hope you may care to publish this photograph which I took last November on an estancia in Argentina. It shows the process of parting out fat three year old steers for the purposes of chilled beef. All the steers are de-horned as small calves when the horn button is soft and loose.—V.

UNUSUAL BLUEBELLS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—On seeing in your paper of May 27th an unusual bluebell, I thought you might be interested in the enclosed specimens. They and one other were found growing among the ordinary bluebells in this garden. Unfortunately they are slightly faded, owing to having been in flower for some days. I shall be interested to know if this is a common occurrence, as I have never seen one before.—M. S. KENNEDY.

[The malformation of flowers this year has been noteworthy and will probably continue to be so until the end of the season. The abnormal weather last season was doubtless responsible for this, but the exact way in which external conditions affect the tissues so to distort the embryo buds is still quite obscure. Indeed, the extent of our knowledge of the instinctive reactions—one might almost



A CURIOUSLY MALFORMED BLUEBELL.

write "mentality"—of plants is very small, but much research work is being undertaken, and results, if slow, are sure. The malformation now pictured is as different as possible to the one shown on page 714. The spike is here shortened to vanishing point, and the curiously malformed floral envelopes are so arranged in a whorl around the stamens as to give the effect of a rather starry blue daisy. The "flowers" were badly faded on receipt, but readers will be able to appreciate the malformations.—ED.]

ARE OUR OAKS IN PERIL?

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It seems as if every year almost we now have this plague of caterpillar on our oak trees. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that round here, at Blechingley, two out of three trees are practically leafless, and on every tree thousands of these caterpillars hang, pendent on their filaments, sometimes as much as 15ft. long; while often one sees stems and branches wrapped in them so that they appear to be shrouded in gauze. I can hardly remember a worse attack, though perhaps we have had as bad in the last twenty years or so. But the trouble is that the pest seems to recur yearly, and instead of acorns we have oak apples, so that the oak apple, chosen at the Restoration from the Boscobel oak as symbol of the glory and strength of England, seems likely now to become merely a symptom of the decay of our sturdiest and most national forest tree. That this pest was known centuries ago is probable from the fact that in thirteenth century manorial valuations (after a lord's death) one often reads "Pannage" (i.e., beech-mast or acorns—in this countryside wholly acorns) "so much, cum acciderit" (i.e., if there be any). But it



PARTING OUT FAT STEERS.

seems not possible that even *Quercus robur* can endure such repeated lung attacks (if leaves be the lungs of trees) and attain full normal development when rarely allowed to fruit. Have scientists, who I believe have been investigating the pest's life-history, discovered any hopeful preventive? Of course any spraying or treatment of individual trees is out of the question. Here our oaks are probably some 80 to 90 per cent. of tree population, and our coverts look quite wintry, with here and there a green oasis where a tree or two has (so far) escaped. It amounts to a question of national importance.—VEDALE LAMBERT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Never before have I noticed the oak trees on the Holwood Estate at Keston in Kent, so badly damaged by the Oak Leaf Roller Moth (*Tortrix viridana*) as during the present season. In not a few instances, as at Keston Lodge and by Ninham's and Viner's Wood, most of the oaks are entirely stripped of their foliage, and present that peculiar hazy appearance that is so characteristic of attacked trees, this being due to the numbers of greyish, woolly, spider-like webs with which the branch-tips are thickly covered. From the first attack until the entire leaves are devoured occupies about twelve days, when the trees are reduced to their winter bareness. In standing underneath an attacked tree a continuous ticking noise is distinctly heard, caused by the insects feeding. Having had to do with these woods for many years I cannot say that the vigour of attacked trees is at all diminished by the entire removal of the leaves, even in cases where the attacks have occurred over a period of thirty years. The second growth of leaves, which takes place later in the season, is quite as large and vigorous as the first. Starlings feed voraciously on the caterpillars, and in the woods mentioned I have seen large flocks of these birds, both young and old, greedily devouring the insects—a hint towards the preservation of this bird. The present plague of the oak leaf roller moth is said to be due to the destruction of certain birds, but, as far as I can see, the attacks both in these woods and in Epping Forest are nothing worse than was the case in 1890.—A. D. WEBSTER.

SAGACIOUS SHEEP.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have just seen a partridge sitting on her fourteen eggs in a nest in the grass beside

the main road. For the last fortnight a large flock of sheep have been passing right over the nest twice a day on their way to and from pasture, but not a single sheep has stepped on it or disturbed the mother bird, which I saw this morning still sitting busily. The roadman who first found the nest tells me she has never left her eggs. The faculty possessed by horses for stepping over living things beneath their feet is well known, but sheep are not usually credited with any such sagacity.—L. F. EASTERBROOK.

AN AMERICAN TREE IN SURREY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Some reference has been recently made to the fine trees at Claremont, Lord Clive's famous house at Esher, now in the market. It is of interest to note that on the adjacent demesne of Esher Place a magnificent tulip tree flourishes which was imported from Virginia and planted in the last year of Charles II's reign. It stands on an eminence near the mansion, and has a wonderful appearance when covered in bloom. Lord d'Abernon, our Ambassador in Berlin, favours me with the information that this tree, at his Surrey home, is, according to Mr. Robinson's work on the "Flora and Fauna of Great Britain," the finest of its kind in England. It has a girth of 23ft. 2ins. at 4ft. from the ground, and is 85ft. high. The branches spring from the trunk low down, and are propped up all round.—J. LANDFEAR LUCAS.

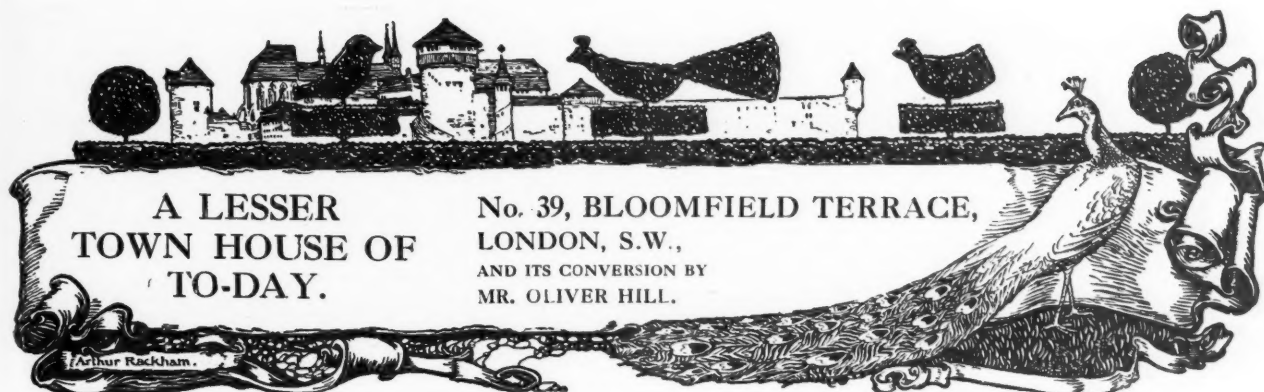
A LINK WITH THE BOYNE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a photograph of the Hillsborough Castle Guard in the picturesque uniforms of the Old Dutch Guard who fought with King William at the Battle of the Boyne. The Castle Guard was formed during the reign of William III, who gave permission to the then head of the Hill family, his heirs and successors to appoint twenty-six castle warders, and of these Lord Downshire is the hereditary high-constable. The guard, which is entirely composed of old residents in the neighbourhood, is commanded by Sergeant-Major Crane, aged eighty-three years; he is the venerable figure with a white beard. Sergeant-Major Crane was four times round the Cape of Good Hope in the days of the old sailing ships. None of the guard are under sixty years of age. Roughly their combined ages amount to four hundred and eighty years.—W. R. W. BENNETT.

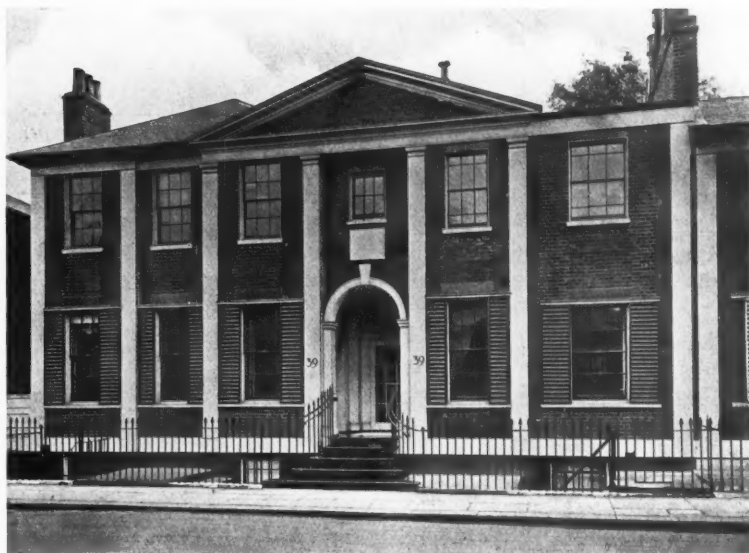


THE GUARD AT HILLSBOROUGH CASTLE.



THOUGH London stretches so far afield to-day, it is astonishing to note how rapid has been the growth within the last century. The development has been on every side, but for the moment, and as relating to the house now illustrated, attention may be confined to the district round about Victoria. Coghlan's "Picture of London," published in 1834, shows the whole area as gardens and waste land, with the exception of a few cottages and some houses by the river. The Grosvenor Canal intersected the space, and exists to this day, though much restricted, for what is now Victoria Station was formerly an immense basin forming the head of the Canal; just as the osier beds in Coghlan's "Picture" have become swallowed up by Eccleston Square, and "Willow Walk" is all bricks and mortar.

Between Pimlico Road and Ebury Bridge Road there is a thoroughfare called Bloomfield Terrace, with modest houses dating from about the 'forties, as we assume both from such evidence as Coghlan offers and from the houses themselves. In architectural design they lack the refinement of the Late Georgian, but still are imbued with some of its spirit. The houses of that day, even though put up by speculative builders, were free from the banalities which were to come with mid-Victorian developments and the Gothic upheaval. In our own day these houses, like many others in the heart of London, have witnessed a

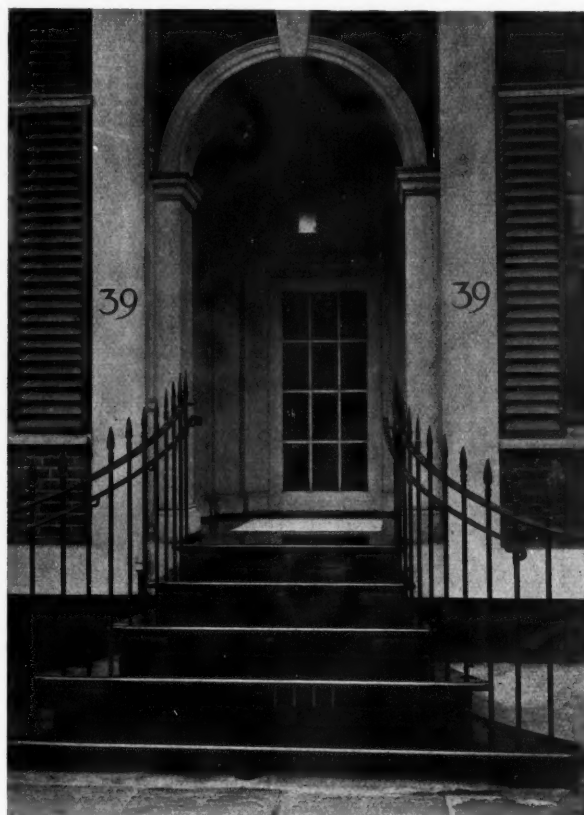


THE STREET FRONT.

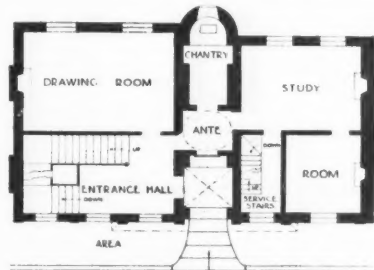
different ownership, and since new houses were not available for love or money there has been a veritable hue and cry after any old ones that could be adapted to new requirements. This is precisely what has been done at 39, Bloomfield Terrace—and done very skilfully by Mr. Oliver Hill. The house is really an adaptation of two in the Terrace. These two houses, formerly known as Nos. 38 and 39, were of the simplest possible character; just brick boxes with slate lids, and having, as the accompanying plans show, very simple accommodation. No. 38 was part and parcel of the Terrace, with its entrance at the left-hand corner, while No. 39 stood adjoining but detached, with its entrance in the centre, a room on either side, and a sitting-room at the back, where there is a pleasant garden.

The houses were pretty well in the middle of the Terrace, and in coalescing them the architect adopted the appropriate expedient of forming a central pediment and carrying on the treatment of shallow pilasters which formed the elementary structural embellishment.

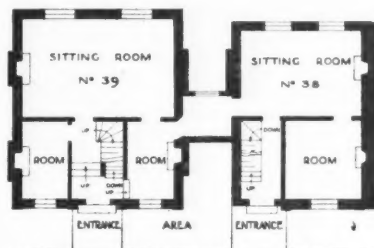
No. 38 has been left practically undisturbed, but in No. 39 the old staircase and the rooms on either side of it have been swept away, the whole space being devoted to an entrance hall, from which a fine new staircase rises to the first floor. At the front, in between the two blocks, the space has been absorbed as a vestibule, plaster-vaulted, and having a black marble threshold and



DETAIL OF ENTRANCE.



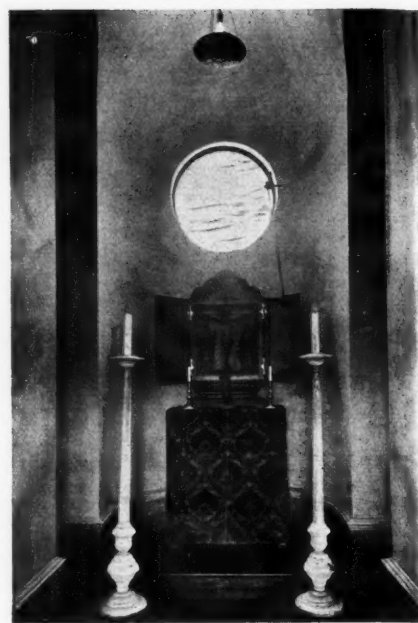
GROUND FLOOR PLAN AS REARRANGED



GROUND FLOOR PLAN BEFORE ALTERATION



HALL AND STAIRCASE.



CHANTRY.

steps; while the corresponding space at the back has been devoted to a chantry with ante.

On the first floor, additional bedroom and kindred accommodation has been arranged, and the windows of the right-hand house have been raised a little. There was an inevitable inequality in the roof lines, but to a large extent this has been masked by the pediment, and it must be set to the credit of the architect that, while making his larger house out of two little ones, he has done nothing ostentatious, but has maintained

the quiet character of the street. The staircase, the principal feature of the interior, is carried out entirely in pine, which has been treated with lime. In this way all the red tone of the wood has been eliminated and a restful grey obtained. The walls throughout are quite plain.

The chantry is an exceptional feature. It has a circular window filled with a thin sheet of African onyx, the tints of which are taken up in the painted walls. Thus is secured an effect of subdued lighting appropriate to the spot. R. R. P.

LAWN TENNIS: SEEING THE GAME

MR. TILDEN'S STORIES.

MR. TILDEN, the Lawn Tennis Champion, has written a book of stories called "It's All in the Game," and observes in his introduction that there is no lawn tennis fiction. He is not paying a tribute to the veracity of newspaper correspondents who describe the doings of himself and others upon the court; what he means is that there are no such fictitious stories about lawn tennis as the one about the Rugby football match in "Tom Brown's Schooldays," and countless others about cricket and football to be found in the boys' books issued every Christmas. He has set himself to make a start; and it is some consolation to those of us who from time to time make a sorry business of conveying the interest of a lawn tennis match to others through the medium of a pen to find that Mr. Tilden—who can put down on paper what is in his mind and who must know as much about the excitement of the game as any man living—cannot make the blood run faster by describing blows dealt and parried. This is not to say that the stories are without interest, but that the interest is not inextricably involved in the lawn tennis. Mr. Tilden can be trusted to supply a drama—as those know who have seen him make at a crisis strokes of which earlier in the match he did not seem capable; but in his stories it is never the kind of drama of which we have seen him the hero. The people he writes about make "screaming service aces" and "perfect placement volleys" at five-all in the fifth set, but the readers do not visualise these strokes—though if they were in the stands they would be thrilled.

In the stands they would be thrilled! For *sustained* excitement there is no game to thrill a big crowd of onlookers like a close-fought single between two great players at lawn tennis. There are poignant hours at cricket, but in that leisurely warfare it takes a long time to work up to them; there are great moments at Rugby football, but the significance of much of the scrum-work and the touch-kicking is grasped only by the expert. At boxing—if that can be called a game—not one spectator in a hundred sees the chance until it has been taken. At golf there is not sufficient strain on the body to satisfy the combative instincts of the man who is not doing the fighting. All these games may be thought better games than lawn tennis, but, with the spectator, in one point lawn tennis beats them all—at lawn tennis every stroke can be seen. More than that, its rough purpose and the degree of success that attends it can be appreciated without any knowledge of the

subtleties. The speed and poise of M. Alonso are such a delight to watch that one can get one's fill of pleasure without noticing that he took this ball on the rise and stopped that other dead, when if he had had a wrong foot he would have been balanced on it. It is enough to know that the ball must be hit over the net and into the court to lay down the law confidently about the errors of champions—anyone who doubts this may be recommended to go to Wimbledon and keep his ears open.

But if one is interested in the subtleties of a game, these can be followed at lawn tennis as at none of the other games referred to. The thing you really want to know at Rugby—how the ball came out of the scrum, how it was got away and to whom—you do not see for yourself once in five times. There are always a mob of rough fellows between you and it. At cricket, if you know your Rhodes and see one ball of his driven for four and the next cocked up to mid-on you guess what has happened; but unless you are sitting at right angles to the line of the pitch—where you can follow neither swerve nor break—you did not *see*, any more than the batsman, that the second ball was tossed a little higher than the first and that it suddenly dipped in its flight as if the bowler held it by invisible elastic. Now seeing is what the spectator is there for. It is not enough to see the thing happen; to participate in what is going on you must see what is going to happen. What the spectator wants is a certainty qualified by an "unless"—there must be enough certainty to keep the attention fixed on a definite struggle, not so much that the issue is foregone. That lawn tennis provides.

Why, then, does the account of a lawn tennis match seldom make good reading? One reason is that the very smallness of the arena, which is an advantage to the spectator, is an obstacle to the writer. There are infinite variations to catch the eye at a glance, but the difference between stroke and stroke is often no more than a slight change of angle and pace—a change that takes many words to explain clearly. The writer has to choose between a vague brevity which calls up no picture of the thing done and a lengthy precision which is wearisome. A ball that can just be reached on the volley near the right-hand line will be pushed back by the average player along the course it came; Mr. Doust will snap it across the breadth of the court to pitch near the opposite line. Both are volleys, and words give a most inadequate idea of the dash and suppleness which distinguish the second stroke from the first. E. E. M.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE MANCHESTER CUP RACE

IMPORTANT HANDICAPS NEXT WEEK.

I AM writing this on the eve of the big meeting at Ascot, and unless the weather conditions show a vast alteration, I fully expect having to write a week hence of a meeting prejudiced to a serious extent by the alarming effects of the drought. It is a great thing for the social side of the meeting that the sun, day after day, should stream from a cloudless sky. Ladies rejoice with unfeigned delight, and for very obvious reasons, when bearing in mind the big part they play in the making of the social splendours of the meeting. The Royal Enclosure and the paddock are a blaze of colours and brilliant movement and the grass is trodden bare and brown, so that Ascot in that sense equals its best self, even if it does not transcend its earlier conquests and records. But it is vastly different where the racing is concerned. It must suffer almost grievously from the baked state of the course and the effects on the joints and sinews, and the tempers of the horses that have to run over it. Perhaps I am drawing an unduly pessimistic picture and I risk being rebuked by the weather's uncertainties, but I have recollections of last year when precisely the same conditions obtained and of the state of racecourses on which meetings have been held quite recently. Epsom, Manchester and Gatwick, for instance! However, enough of this lament for this week.

In the way of aftermath of the Derby comes the announcement that Sir Ernest Paget has removed his horses from the care of Mr. Gilpin and has placed them with C. Leader at Newmarket, a young man who has the horses of Sir William Nelson and a few belonging to Lord Lascelles. Sir Ernest Paget must feel that the new trainer will do better with Re-Echo than Mr. Gilpin did. That one may be excused for doubting. A change of training arrangements is not exactly a public matter or one for comment, but one may, nevertheless, express the opinion that Sir Ernest Paget has had remarkable luck in recent years considering how few horses he has had in training. He has won the City and Suburban twice, with Corn Sack and Paragon, the Jubilee and the Duke of York Stakes with Paragon. It was also Mr. Gilpin who bought him Paragon and Re-Echo when they were youngsters. One wonders, therefore, why there should have arisen what has all the appearance of a disturbing influence in the select Clarehaven ménage. It is possible that the owner of Re-Echo was not happy about losing the stable jockey, Archibald, for the Derby, and that the tossing incident for his services so soon after the Two Thousand Guineas should have been wiped out. On the top of that came the horse's defeat in the Derby after getting badly away and losing some lengths. But one could hardly hold the trainer to blame for that.

Nothing is more certain than that the race for the Manchester Cup last week was adversely affected by the hard state of the going. But there was another influence which was not quite so clear. I refer to the disappointing acceptance after no fewer than fifty horses had been handicapped in the first instance. When the forfeit stage was reached as many as thirty-two dropped out, apparently because their owners were dissatisfied with the handicap as framed by Major W. F. Lee, who as a rule is quite excellent. It was not easy to determine why this should have been so. On the face of it something must have been thrown in to the discontent of others. What was it? Possibly it was Milenko, who had been given only 7st. 9lb., although he had won the Jockey Club Stakes and the Cambridgeshire last year as a three year old. Certainly he had been well treated. Personally I was more attracted by the chance on form of Copyright, which had been given only 7st. 13lb. I expected one of these two to start favourite and win. What happened was that both were very well backed and started equal second favourites at 4 to 1, but there was a shorter priced one in North Waltham at 3 to 1, owned by Mr. James White and ridden by the redoubtable Donoghue. What with Mr. White going out for a big win—and he is probably the biggest betting owner we have to-day—and the jockeyship of Donoghue, it is no wonder that North Waltham started favourite. He won by a head after a rousing race with King's Idler under the big weight of 8st. 8lb., although he was only giving 6lb. to the winner.

As a matter of fact this top weight of 8st. 8lb. was shared by the St. Leger winner, Polemarch, which had badly disgraced himself at Epsom by refusing to start. Here he was in blinkers and not only did he start, but he got the best of it and was certainly given a great chance. However, he would have none of it when others ranged alongside of him a quarter of a mile from home, and from that point showed clearly enough that he has finished with racing. North Waltham is a fine staying horse by Junior, and before these notes are in print he may have made a further contribution to history, for he is under orders to run for the Ascot Gold Cup. Such is Mr. White's belief in him. I fancy the horse was bred by the late Mr. R. Mills and his widow sold him and North Humpty Dumpty to the trainer Cottrill. Both won races this year, and no doubt Cottrill very much improved them. Not long ago they were passed on to Mr. White, at a big profit, I make no doubt, and they have done well for that optimistic and wealthy owner. It is a remarkable thing for a horse which had small pretensions until lately to win this race of the value of close on £3,000.

I have mentioned how Polemarch did not retrieve his reputation by this latest display, and Milenko ran as I would expect him to do after seeing him in the paddock. I am sure we did not see the best of him, though I believe his owner Mr. James de Rothschild betted freely on him. Another one of which we did not see the best was Copyright. I do not think he was well ridden. I would have liked to see Donoghue on his back, but apart from the somewhat important question of jockeyship, he was quite unsuited by the hard ground. It is said that he had not got over the jarring he got at Ascot last year, when he won the Ascot Gold Vase. His trainer has experienced knee trouble with him, but he had done a good preparation for this race and if the course had been better he would have run very differently. If no worse for the race on hard ground we may yet see him justify his breeding and good looks as well as have the pleasure of watching him win for a most excellent sportsman, as I am sure Mr. Hornung is.

By the way, I was noticing the other day what a lot of well backed winners of the Manchester Cup there have been in recent years, and in times, too, when outsiders were winning other important races. March Along last year was a tight 5 to 1 chance, and in the previous year Pomme de Terre was favourite at 3 to 1 when he won for Lord Zetland. I think the class that year was splendid, for Square Measure was second and Happy Man was third. Square Measure went on to Ascot and won the Royal Hunt Cup and Happy Man won the Ascot Stakes. By Jingo won the race in successive years, first at 5 to 2 and then at 7 to 2. He was an exceptionally good horse. Blue Danube was a 3 to 1 chance when he won and Marajax scored at 5 to 2 in 1911, while very short-priced winners in their respective years were Airship, Bachelor's Button and Beppo. There have, of course, been occasions when outsiders have won, but for the most part this has been a backer's race and readers might do worse than make a note of the fact.

As regards other racing in the holiday week one may pause to note the very excellent show Pharmacie put up for the Salford Borough Handicap, even though she was beaten. But it should not be overlooked that she was beaten by a smart filly in Morning Light, who was in receipt of 28lb. It is strange that Pharmacie should not have won since her two year old days, when she was unbeaten, but, of course, she was bound to have frowns from the handicappers after that. It explains, I suppose, her defeats. Yet she will enter the winning enclosure again, I feel sure, before the season ends. She is quite a likely one to win the Steward's Cup if not weighted out of it. Her owner, Mr. White, won one of the races for two year olds at Manchester with a colt by Polymelus from Boda, bred at his Foxhill Stud. This one was much fancied to win the race at Epsom, which went to the flying Sunstar filly, Suryakumari. No doubt the colt, being first time out and on such a course, did not give his true running, but his chance came at Manchester and with only a moderate opposition in the field he won by a big margin. I believe he has been tried to be the best of this owner's two year olds and as such it is probable that we have yet to see the best of him.

It is quite a remarkable circumstance that Mr. Sol Joel, probably the largest individual owner and breeder in the country to-day, should not have had a single two year old to run for him at Ascot this week. The reason is simple in the extreme; he had not one good enough and fit enough to carry his colours. And yet he must have made a great many entries in the first instance in proportion to those made by others. For the Coventry Stakes on the opening day he had entered five at £10 per entry. Two of them had run previously without doing any good. The others we have yet to hear of. For the Queen Mary Stakes, which is the big event of the meeting for two year old fillies, he had three in. He had four in the Chesham Stakes, three in the New Stakes, and four in the Windsor Castle Stakes. It is a remarkable commentary on the luck there is in racing, and on the vicissitudes the wealthiest and most powerful stables can meet with that this should have happened.

There will be important races next week for the Newbury Cup in the south and for the Northumberland Plate in the north. If King's Idler had not run this week for the Gold Cup at Ascot, then I would name him to win the Newbury race, as he goes on the hard ground and can stay, while his head defeat at Manchester for the Cup won by North Waltham gives him an undeniable chance. Failing him, I would look to Chivalrous to win under the penalty he picked up at Manchester. This is the best stayer probably we have in the country at the present time, and his owner, Mrs. Sofer Whitburn, must regret that he was not entered for the Gold Cup this week. Again, turning to the Manchester race, I think I can see Hunt Law winning the Northumberland Plate, and so repeating his success of last year when, however, he was somewhat lucky to score at the expense of Charleville. However, the horse ran very well at Manchester, which is an indication that he is in form, and I shall expect him to take a lot of beating now. Stanislaus, if he has not won the Ascot Stakes and so picked up a penalty, might be the danger. He is a horse that takes a lot of riding, but Gardner would be able to do the weight.

PHILIPPOS.

THE ESTATE MARKET SALES BY TREATY

MURIEL, COUNTESS DE LA WARR, represented by Messrs. Curtis and Henson, has sold her beautiful estate, Old Lodge, Nutley, in the Ashdown Forest, to Lord Castlestewart, whose adviser in the matter was Sir Howard Frank (Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley).

The price has not transpired, but we believe that Old Lodge is worth approximately £30,000. It is in a glorious position 530ft. above sea level, a stone mansion in the Elizabethan style, in the midst of 400 acres, seven miles from Groombridge.

The South Downs, from Chanctonbury Ring to Eastbourne, unfold themselves to the gaze from the grounds, which are adorned with fine specimen trees, and comprise old-world flower and fruit gardens. Heath and woodland of 250 acres add to the beauty of the place and provide sport, and there is good shooting in the vicinity. The home farm and other lands have been well tilled and are in good heart.

Each of the estate cottages is provided with a bathroom, and in this respect the mansion itself is fortunate, having about a dozen bathrooms, four of which are on the first floor. Many thousands of pounds have been recently expended on the property, and the internal features of Old Lodge include a panelled outer hall, an oak panelled lounge hall, with linen-fold panelling at least 300 years old, and one or two ceilings copied from those at Hampton Court.

HALLINGBURY PLACE.

HALLINGBURY PLACE, near Bishop's Stortford, has interesting associations with Pepys, friend of the Houblons, who held it in his time and are mentioned appreciatively in his Diary. The same family still owns this fine estate to-day.

Hallingbury was rebuilt in 1772, and, happily, the accounts for the work were kept, and they show that the architect was one Redgrave, presumably a disciple of Robert Adam. The fabric was cased, the corner towers were covered with ogee cupolas, mullioned windows were replaced by sliding sashes, and, in short, the whole structure was invested with Georgian characteristics.

The horticultural remains of "Capability" Brown's conception have in recent years given place to the present gardens which reflect the taste and judgment—indeed, genius—of the late Mrs. Lockett Agnew. Their present perfection can be seen by reference to the long illustrated article on the gardens in *COUNTRY LIFE* (Vol. xlvii, page 440). The house itself was more particularly dealt with in the pages of *COUNTRY LIFE* (Vol. xxxvi, page 390).

The eight years' lease of Hallingbury Place is now for disposal, with 4,000 acres of shooting, through Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Messrs. Loftis and Warner. Over £25,000 has been expended upon the estate in the last few years, and the shooting is exceptionally good, the bag for 1921-22 including 1,680 partridges, 3,733 pheasants, 300 hares, 4,215 rabbits, and some woodcock and wildfowl. A good view of the mansion was presented in the Supplement to *COUNTRY LIFE* last week (page xxvii).

CASSIOBURY RESERVES.

THE Estate Room at Hanover Square was filled to overflowing on the occasion of the auction of Cassiobury Park. Mr. W. Hurst Flint, head of the firm of Messrs. Humbert and Flint, who are associated with Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley in the realisation of the estate and the contents of the mansion, occupied the rostrum. He mentioned that a recent special and independent valuation of the Grinling Gibbons' carvings had resulted in an estimate of fully £15,000. He suggested an offer of £70,000 for the mansion and the immediate surroundings, some 382 acres. As there was no response, the next lot, 51 acres, was at once withdrawn.

The delightful Queen Anne house, known as Little Cassiobury, with grounds of a couple of acres, held on a tenancy now expiring, was next offered, and bought in at £4,000.

West Herts golf course, 261 acres, let to the club for a term of twenty-one years from Midsummer, 1911, at a present rental of £600 a year, was put in, with a suggestion

that about £12,000 would be an appropriate starting bid. Again there was silence, and Mr. Flint said that he would in no case begin registering bids of less than £10,000 for such a property. Someone thereupon asserted that he was willing to start it at that figure. Another bidder added £500, and another tried to get the auctioneer to accept an additional £100. This lot was then put aside, and the final lot, Whippendale Wood, was also withdrawn.

Messrs. Curtis and Henson acted for the purchaser of the Willinghurst estate of 520 acres, close to Guildford, from Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, who have since sold, on behalf of Captain Ramsden, all but one farm.

The Marquess Camden has just bought Timber Log Wood, 53 acres, at Lamberhurst, for £500, from a client of Messrs. Winch and Son, who have sold 29 acres of glebe in Frant, in the same district, for £1,585; and Four Throws House and 5 acres, in Hawkhurst, for £2,550. A small freehold of 5 acres at Iver Heath, known as Fernleigh, fetched £5,900 through Messrs. Goddard and Smith, and a little yachting freehold at Burnham-on-Crouch £700, a reminder of the bargains that are to be had at auction.

Opportunities of acquiring a good many freeholds, from 2 to 20 acres, are to be presented when Messrs. F. D. Ibbett and Co. bring to auction, at Sevenoaks on July 3rd, thirty-two lots of Otford small holdings. Illustrated particulars are ready.

KEMPSTON HOO SOLD.

KEMPSTON HOO, near Bedford, a modern stone mansion in the Elizabethan style, with 44 acres, has been privately sold by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., who were to have offered it, at an upset price of £6,500, at the Mart last Wednesday, in conjunction with Messrs. G. C. Walker and Co. They had a couple of other properties to deal with on the same occasion, Sir Charles Walpole's Georgian house at Chobham, known as Broadford, and 42 acres, and Barnfield, with 213 acres at Dunsfold. The seventeenth century house at Bletchingley, Pendell Court, is for sale by the firm, with from 94 to 700 acres, including two walled gardens, the lake and golf course.

TISSINGTON AND GEDDING.

TISSINGTON HALL, Ashbourne, is to be let, with the shooting over 3,000 acres, and five miles of trout fishing, through Messrs. H. J. Wigram and Co. who gave a miniature reproduction last week (page xxxii) of one of the pictures, which illustrated the special article on the house (*COUNTRY LIFE*, Vol. xxix, pages 342 and 378). That view is of the east front from the village green, and presents a Jacobean manorial aspect, though, on the west, the house is Palladian.

Tissington is early seventeenth century, and much-varied oak wainscoting of that period line rooms which are otherwise mostly Palladian in type. It is a house with long and pleasant traditions, and one that has been wisely and well renovated in recent years.

Viscount St. Davids desires to dispose of Geddin Hall, one of the best remaining examples of a fifteenth century Suffolk moated house, a few miles from Stowmarket and Bury St. Edmunds, and Messrs. Hampton and Sons are authorised to negotiate for the sale, including over 200 acres and the lordship of the manor.

ASWARDBY HALL SOLD.

TENNYSON'S birthplace is close to Aswardby Hall, a Spilsby estate that has just changed hands through Messrs. Norfolk and Prior, acting in conjunction with Messrs. Simons, Ingamells and Young. It lies high up in a district from so many points of which can be seen, on the northward heights of the Witham valley, the massive towers of Lincoln Cathedral, and all around is a rich country with undulating, well timbered expanses.

The Queen Anne mansion, in the decoration of which figured oak is conspicuous, embodies every modern idea of comfort, and has been well maintained by Mr. E. Cyril Grant, the vendor, who gave, we understand, between £16,000 and £17,000 for the estate not many years ago. The 287 acres of Aswardby are watered by the Tennyson Brook, which affords a mile of trout fishing on the

property. Like Old Lodge, already mentioned, it is well placed for golf and hunting.

Evesham Abbey, begun in the year 701, was completed and consecrated in 714, and to its establishment the town owes its origin and some of its prosperity. The Abbey received large grants of land, both before and after the Norman Conquest, and its abbots sat in Parliament as peers. At the dissolution the annual income amounted to as much as £2,076. Walter of Evesham, and Feckenham, who was Dean of St. Paul's in the reign of Queen Mary, were monks of Evesham. Part of the site of the Abbey, and the almonry and gatehouse, now private residences, with their old characteristics well preserved, are now in the hands of Messrs. Yates and Yates for sale.

Another property with ecclesiastical associations, Lympe Castle, is also, as already announced, in the market. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have prepared particulars of it. A special illustrated article descriptive of the Castle appeared in *COUNTRY LIFE* (Vol. xxviii, page 682), and it has been recently mentioned in the Estate Market page (May 13th). It was built on the site of a Roman watch tower, and until the reign of Henry VIII formed part of the possessions of the Archdeacons of Canterbury.

Leland says the Castle "was sumtyme without foyle an Abbay. The graves yet appere yn the Chirch and of the lodging of the Abbay be now converted unto the Archidiacon's Howse the which ys made lyke a castelet embatelyd." Just south the ruins of Studfall Castle, a great Roman stronghold, "Portus Lemanis," extend to fully 10 acres. Restoration has been worthily done, and the Castle is a delightful residence, overlooking the Channel at a point, a few miles from Folkestone, on the air route from London to Paris.

COMING AUCTIONS.

ELSENHAM HALL and the park of over 90 acres, Sir Walter Gilbey's Essex seat, will, failing a better bid, be sold for £3,500 at the impending auction by Messrs. Daniel Watney and Sons. Forcett Park, near Darlington, is to be sold, at the newly opened estate sale rooms, in York, of Messrs. Duncan B. Gray and Partners, who have sold Cowesby Hall, 435 acres, near Thirsk. Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock have sold Bilton Rise, a black-and-white house, near Rugby.

The mansion of Henley Park, Pirbright, was withdrawn at an advance of £6,500 on the final offer of £33,500, but other lots were sold, by Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons, jointly with Messrs. F. A. and A. W. Mellersh, for approximately £13,000. Realisations of the late Sir George Wombwell's Old Byland and Yearsley properties, by Messrs. Boulton and Cooper, at York, revealed a lack of inclination on the part of the tenants to buy their farms, but two or three have changed hands privately and one at auction.

The lease of Dalcross Castle, and 1,000 acres of shooting, in Inverness-shire, will be sold by Messrs. Castiglione, Erskine and Co. The castle, built in 1620 by Lord Lovat, was sold to the Mackintoshes, ancestors of the present owners, in 1702, and it was renovated twenty-five years ago.

Hamilton estate auctions, by Messrs. Tuckett, Webster and Co., and Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, open next Monday at Linlithgow, when the first of the 450 lots, embracing thousands of acres in three counties, will be submitted. Glenfinart, 13,670 acres in Argyllshire, is to be sold, at Glasgow, on July 4th; and on the following day, at Edinburgh, North Berwick and Tantallon Castle await biddings.

Romney portraits and the rest of the Clitherow heirlooms, and all the contents of Boston House, Brentford, are to be sold at Hanover Square next Friday (June 23rd) and at the mansion early next month. Boston House, for sale with 36 acres, contains one of the finest Jacobean coloured plaster ceilings in England. Some of the rooms are panelled, and the staircase is noteworthy for the heraldic devices decorating the newels (*COUNTRY LIFE*, Vol. xv).

On June 29th and 30th and on later dates, at Hanover Square, the contents of Husan Castle, Farsund, Norway, and of the owner's town house in Stratton Street, and his Goring house, will be disposed of. The Cassiobury auction of the furniture and works of art is now in progress, having begun last Monday, the 12th.

ARBITER.

SHOOTING NOTES

BY MAX BAKER.

A NEW SHOOTING TABLE.

THE accompanying illustration shows a new shooting stand which has just been erected at my experimental shooting ground. Its prime purpose is to save wheeling the portable table to the 40yds. firing mark where 80 per cent. at least of shot-gun pattern tests are made. A stand permanently rooted into the earth is not only very solid, but it marks the precise distance, so getting rid of one of the reasons why this elementary test so often gives anomalous results. The ordinary custom is to do such shooting in the ordinary standing position; but in favour of a rest is, first, the convenience of patterns perfectly centred on the target, and second, the valuable knowledge as to whether the two barrels of a gun deliver their charges in the true line of aim. This particular stand aims at achieving the greatest attainable simplicity and compactness of design. It is three-legged, the two back uprights being set square with the range, the single

certain times of the year, the line of view is liable to be obscured by herbage for prolonged periods. There are, besides, various other obstacles and difficulties associated with the prone position, all of which disappear when the gunmaker's table rest is adopted. The firing position imposed is strictly practical. It is that of the trenches, while if the fore-end rest is not used it closely reproduces many of the improvised attitudes of the deer-stalker and big-game shooter. But above all things the table rest encourages valuable practice and sight verification which would not otherwise be carried out in preparation for sporting excursions. The quality of result obtained provides a searching test for rifle and ammunition, oftentimes disclosing faults which may be remedied before the otherwise certain penalty is incurred. When the best grouping power of rifle or ammunition has been ascertained the fore-end rest may be discarded and comparison made under more wobbly conditions of hold. Meanwhile, hand and eye are receiving most valuable instruction, for they learn how the rifle must be held and the trigger pressed in order that the shots may be delivered according to the aim taken. The position being in several ways more comfortable than the prone, the disturbances due to breathing and heart beat can be more rapidly brought under control. All told, there are very strong reasons for recommending that a rest of this character should be installed on every rifle range. It gives confidence to beginners by withholding till a later stage some of the more prevalent inducements to the cultivation of bad habits, while to the veteran who comes unexpectedly upon bad results it provides a means of deciding whether it is the workman or his tools which are at fault. Finally, the great merit of this particular design of rest is that it keeps the front support well back from the muzzle of the gun, at which place it is liable to deflect the natural course of the bullet.

embodies the full angle of vision, and features upon it make a bigger mark on the eye than the details of a picture viewed from long range. The difficulties to be met must, if possible, be overcome in order that the test provided by the annual competition shall be one of all-round shooting efficiency, undiluted by any call for artificial preliminary studies. In one of the three COUNTRY LIFE landscapes there is a cottage with a conspicuous window, and every real landscape provides equally suitable marks. The problem is to build up a satisfying picture furnished with at least a dozen equally practical objectives.

A SUMMARY OF LAST YEAR'S GAME SEASON.

A wonderful little booklet entitled "Game Rearing, 1921," has been issued by Nobel Industries, Limited. Though we are more concerned at the moment with the prospects of the season to come, there is decided interest in comparing the results which followed last year's pitiless drought with the forecasts which were uttered by those who were in touch with the toll of losses revealed at harvest time. The present treatment of the subject takes the form of eight essays these having been contributed by gamekeepers in different parts of the country in connection with a competition for prizes presented by Messrs. Nobel. The competition in question was organised by the *Gamekeeper*. The essays are wonderfully representative in a geographical sense, hence they entirely obviate the risk of generalising on the strength of too limited a number of instances. The readers of COUNTRY LIFE were told repeatedly that it was bound to be a good season, and this record provides indubitable evidence of the truth of the forecast, if indeed any were wanted to-day. The exceptions arose on the dry sandy tract of East Anglia, the area which is supremely fitted for resisting the opposite influences of excessive wet. The chalk country of Hampshire and elsewhere suffered next in order, though in a lesser degree, but there was so much that was favourable as to leave even here a small profit on balance. Everywhere else the results were pronounced of the bumper order. Such a season is likely to be remembered for a long time to come, and the fact that its salient characteristics have been put on permanent record is a matter for congratulation. For the student of nature these essays will provide many sidelights on the habits of birds and of their enemies. The reader of them will doubtless find reason to stand amazed at the literary skill exhibited by a class not ordinarily credited with such accomplishments. Clearly, the essays have been edited, and yet there is not a sentence which does not carry the imprint of genuineness. Substance as well as words leave no doubt as to who is speaking. Copies may be had, free of cost, on application to The Publicity Department, Nobel House, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1.

PHEASANTS AND TREE CATERPILLARS.

Extract from a letter: "I think it will be a good season for pheasants, but a little too soon for judging partridges. Trees are swarming with caterpillars, on which the pheasants in the wood feed as they drop to the ground. It may keep them from eating some of the partridges' food. Weather remarkably fine, rain now needed." Another letter says on June 7th: "I don't know of any partridges hatched out yet. But the pheasants have come off well, and I have seen a good many broods quite strong on the wing. The early ones are thus again having a very good start in life."



AN IDEA FOR PRIVATE RIFLE TESTING.

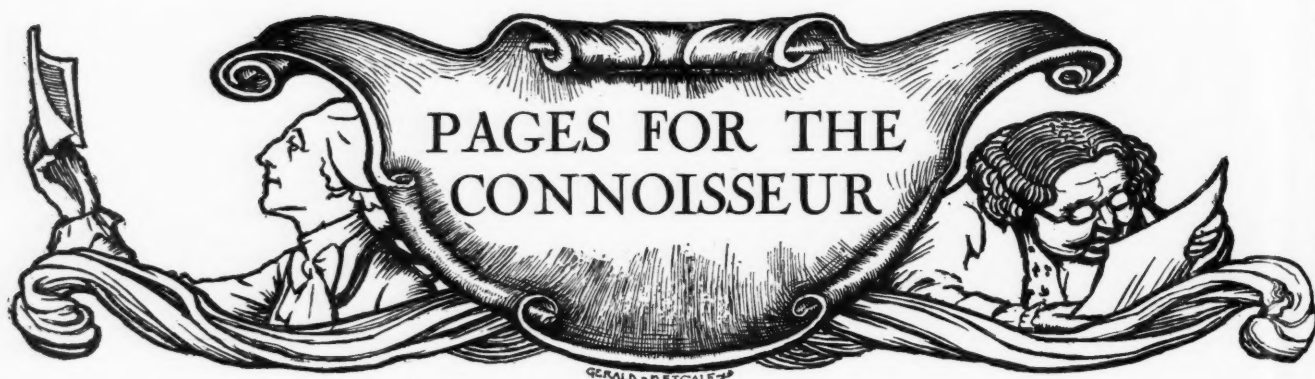
thicker one in front being lined with the right hand of the two rear legs. The upper frame consists of two simple lengths of wood screwed into place, that on the right running from post to post in the line of the range, the left one making a triangle having its apex towards the target. Screwed on to the apex is a stout slate slab which locates the front end of the table opposite the right shoulder, so supporting the box which, with its felt pad, serves as rest for the fore-end. The slate is itself weather-proof and so acts as roof to the timber joints beneath. The rear portion of the table top is a slab of mahogany, slightly hollowed out to receive the shooter's body, a heavy metal lid serving for its protection when not in use. The whole structure has under test fully realised the expectations formed with regard to it, and there is no doubt that it will prove an exceedingly useful asset on a range where things have to be specialised for expeditious working.

ITS USES AS A RIFLE REST.

Even in these days, when the use of rifles is so severely handicapped by the Firearms Act, there are still private individuals, not to forget clubs and schools, who continue diligent practice, both for their own amusement and because it is a right and proper thing to do. Probably there would be much more private practice and scientific study of rifles, their sights and ammunition by the lay fraternity but for the difficulty of finding a nice firing position in association with the necessary bank to catch the bullets. Even where such conditions exist at

PUBLIC SCHOOLS MINIATURE TARGETS.

I have just made a special pilgrimage to one of the big Public Schools for the purpose of discussing certain proposals which had been forwarded in writing concerning revised target conditions for the COUNTRY LIFE competition. There is very special need for keeping these conditions in absolute sympathy with the day-by-day needs of O.T.C. miniature range practice, for they are the accepted standard for inter-school matches, besides forming the basis of a large proportion of the practice that is done. First and foremost there is a proposal that the tin-hat target shall be used for the grouping as well as for the rapid fire test, so saving duplication of supplies and getting rid of the complication that different sight adjustment is needed as between aim at the VI o'clock edge of one bull and the equator of the other. The figure, or head-and-shoulders target, will probably take on the new round form, and be provided with means for judging shots which at present just snick the edge, an almost invisible smear of grease having now to be counted as a hit. The main reform is called for in the landscape target, for as at present used it necessitates considerable expenditure of time in practice under extremely artificial and unserviceable conditions. Clearly a new target is needed, and its prime essential is a number of salient features visible from the firing point and themselves constituting a reasonable aligning mark. This is really a very just demand, for when all is said a landscape picture representing a whole countryside is not seen in true perspective when viewed from 25yds. range. A real landscape



EARLY OAK SETTLES AND BENCHES

IN the mediæval hall benches and settles were the ordinary seats. Of these from an early date there were at least three varieties, the movable form, the bench structurally united to the wall, and the settle proper. The bench has remained essentially unchanged throughout its history, and the settle is also of a venerable antiquity. The term is of Anglo-Saxon origin, and as in early examples of the movable settle there was always a locker beneath the seat, it is a fair inference that it originated in the chest, which is the starting point in the evolution of many diverse pieces of furniture.

Though the love seat and the settee are but natural expansions of the single chair, the settle from the first possessed a distinct identity as a seat planned to accommodate several occupants, and has remained unaffected in general outline by the development of successive styles. From its shape it has always been readily adaptable to a variety of purposes. Like the chest, it was constantly used as a bed, and from the seventeenth century many hybrid specimens survive, more remarkable for ingenuity than artistic excellence. The majority combine the dual functions of seat and table, but in the inventory of Tart Hall, a London house of the Earl of Arundel, we meet with settles of more than ordinary complexity. In "the next room joyning to the Footmen's hall a great settle bedstead in fashion of a fourme" is listed, while another room contained a bedstead, apparently of more modest size, but of similar construction.

Until late in the sixteenth century the settle was the nearest approach to a comfortable seat in the majority of houses, for chairs were accounted luxuries and reserved for persons of rank and distinction.

In the Gothic period the movable tables were mere boards laid upon trestles and flanked by forms of the simplest type, but tables and forms were often fixtures. The Guild Hall of Boston in the fifteenth century contained fifteen tables joined and nailed to trestles, and even in the halls of Henry VIII's palaces "tables dormante" and "fiormes dormante" almost exhaust the list of furniture. The building contract for Hengrave expressly provides that the hall and parlours are to be "benched about," while the Ingatestone inventory of 1600 mentions a bench "at the upp erde of the hall lyirge upon bracketts." When completed, the halls for which this provision had been made would resemble those still in use at the Inns of Court and in the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, with tables extending from the "screens" to the da's and benches running round the walls against the panelling. An example of this arrangement in a private house is found at Ockwells. There the hall was "benched about" in the seventeenth century, and the seats supported on well turned legs are backed against the wainscot and carried round the window recess. It was because such benches were a part of the freehold, descending with it from generation to generation, that they are omitted from the



1.—A SETTLE WITH LOCKERS BENEATH THE SEAT IN THE ABBOT'S PARLOUR AT MUCHELNEY.

inventories where the "bankers," or embroidered cloths, that covered them figure so constantly.

In houses which did not contain panelling these forms were sometimes provided with a panelled back, when it needed only the addition of arms at either end for them to become settles.

A bench of this type, dating from early in the sixteenth century, was removed some years ago from Orchard Farm, Monkleigh, North Devon (Fig. 5). Although set against a side wall, it appears to have always lacked the ends, which would cause it to be classified with the settle proper. Formed of wide linen panels

framed in moulded stiles, it is surmounted by a cornice of interlaced leaves deeply undercut and naturalistic in treatment. The beautiful cresting pierced and carved with sea-serpents betrays the influence of the oncoming Renaissance, but, unhappily, a part of it has been broken away. The finials in the form of poppy-heads set on a square moulded base above each panel show that the craftsman who put this seat together had not yet shaken off the Gothic tradition.

The settle formerly in the Green Dragon Inn at Coombe St. Nicholas is an early and admirable specimen of a type which is still to be seen in country taverns. This celebrated example was illustrated half a century ago in Parker's "Domestic Architecture of the Middle Ages," where, however, it was very inaccurately rendered, and is known to a wider circle of readers through the beautiful drawing made of it by Mr. Roe. The hammer beam with its conventional Gothic leafage in the spandrel is an integral part of the whole, and was, no doubt, once structurally related to an open timber roof. Since Parker's time the angel bearing an heraldic shield in which it terminated has been wantonly hacked away, but the draught stop still retains a lively little figure seated cross-legged on a sack or wheatsheaf. The settle extended along the whole length of the wall from the door to the fireplace, and it has a return opposite the draught stop. Removed from the inn in 1914, after occupying a place in the Gallery at South Kensington for several years, it was acquired by the Marquess of Granby, who added it to his fine collection of early oak at Haddon.

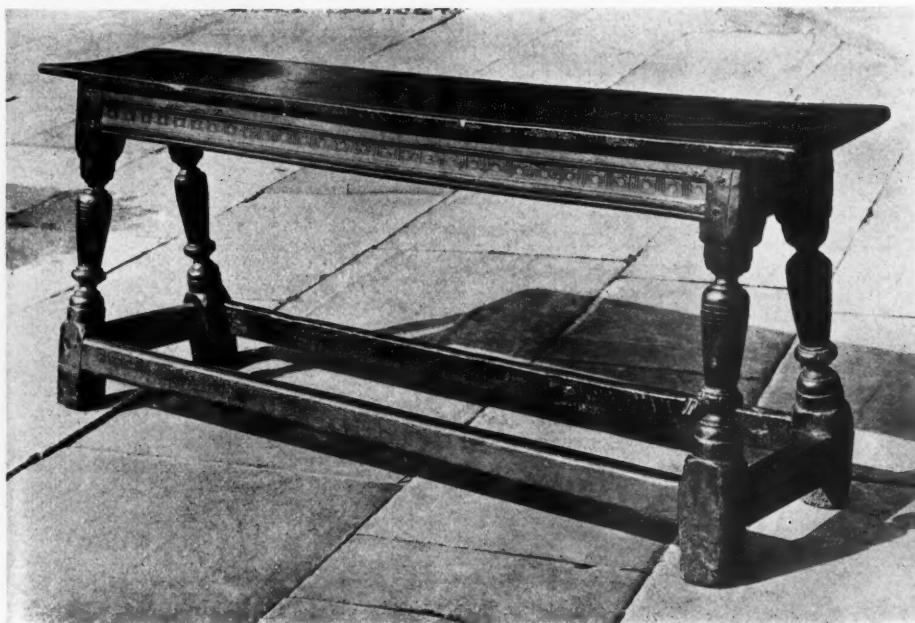
At Muchelney Abbey in Somerset we have a seat of another order; for this is the true settle, which, in addition to its time-honoured position before the fire, is occasionally found placed along the wall or between the windows. It runs across the whole south end of the Abbot's Parlour, and has a return at each end, single-seated next the fireplace, but double at the opposite end. The straight back of the movable settle is here pleasantly modified by the nature of the situation, for it is kept low where the windows occur, rising into tall panels between them. The front panels of the chest beneath the seat



2.—GOTHIC MOVABLE BENCH FROM BARNINGHAM HALL, NORFOLK, EARLY 15TH CENTURY.



3.—FORM WITH BUTTRESSED ENDS AND SHAPED UNDER FRAMING, MADE TO ACCOMPANY A 16TH CENTURY DRAW-TABLE



4.—THE 17TH CENTURY TYPE OF WHICH FEW EXAMPLES HAVE SURVIVED

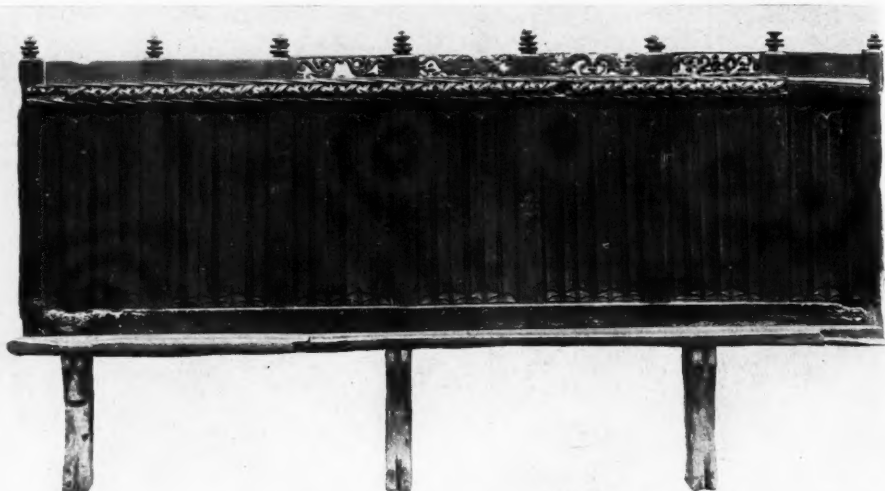
are of the simplest linenfold, while those in the back are rather more elaborate and have a frieze of pierced scroll-work crisply carved in the manner of our first two examples. It was a settle of this type, no doubt, though standing clear of the wall, which was left to his son in 1444 by John Brompton, a merchant of Beverley, for the inventory of his goods makes mention of "1 kerven longe satill with 2 stages" among the furniture in his great hall. The settle "thrown" or "thrawne," that is constructed of turned wood, like another included in Brompton's will, has, curiously enough, left no descendants. In view of the settle's popularity and the solidity of its construction, it is a curious fact that movable specimens of Elizabethan date appear to be unknown, while, with the exception of convertible pieces, very few have survived from the first half of the seventeenth century. At that date its popularity would have been naturally affected among the wealthier classes by the great increase in the number of chairs, and though large numbers are in existence with the bolection panels of Queen Anne's reign, they were for the most part designed for humble uses. In inns and farm houses the settle has always continued in favour, and an excellent example of this primitive type, but of uncertain date and with no details that call for notice, is to be seen in one of the living rooms of Anne Hathaway's house at Shottery.

Movable benches preserved from the middle ages are even scarcer than Gothic chairs, and the authorities at South Kensington are peculiarly fortunate to have acquired a specimen of superlative excellence. Although the arcaded underframing has ogee-headed cusping of decorated character, the form will scarcely be earlier than the opening years of the fifteenth century, and the buttressed uprights closely resemble those found in stools of a considerably later date. Beyond the uprights the stretcher is extended to the ends of the seat, thus avoiding any appearance of exaggeration in the depth of the arcade, an arrangement which illustrates the extraordinary aptitude for design possessed by the makers of Gothic furniture. The form was discovered in Barningham Hall, Norfolk, a house built by Sir William Paston under James I, but, as Mr. Roe has remarked, it may well have figured among the household goods in an earlier home of that celebrated family. It lacks the back stretcher, but otherwise its condition is

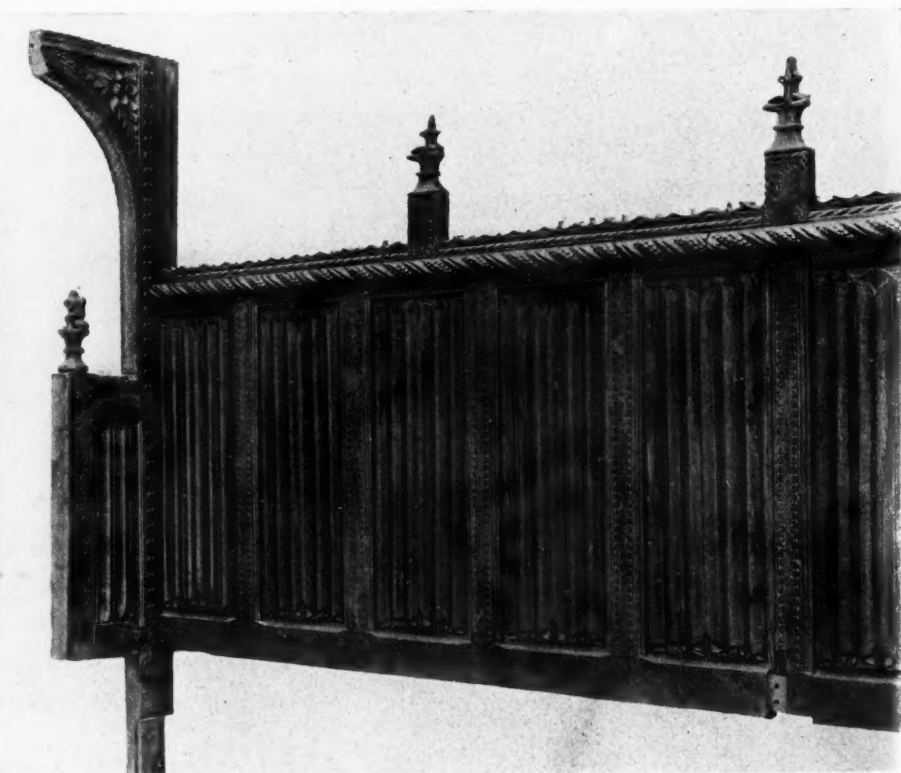
singularly perfect, the wood being almost in the natural state. "Flanders forms" were among the many articles imported into England from the Low Countries at the time when the Barningham form was made. The Prior's Chamber at Finchale contained such seats in 1411, with others described in the inventory as "scabella," upon which, it is added, the boys were accustomed to sit. They were by no means invariably constructed of oak, and sometimes the wood is stated to have been fir or ash in records commonly too thrifty of such details. From the end of the twelfth century, when Alexander Neckham described the appointments and furniture of the ordinary

bed-chamber of his age, benches were commonly placed at the foot of the bed, where they served for conversation and are shown in illuminations throughout the middle ages.

Seats made in this "fashion of a form" were not banished with the close of the middle ages, though trestle tables and their accompanying benches gave place to the melon bulb under Elizabeth and then to the turned legs of the seventeenth century. The form shown standing beside a draw-table, acquired by South Kensington from Broadway, near Ilminster, illustrates the persistence of the mediæval type, for though a century later than the Barningham example, and with a shaped stretcher instead of an arcade beneath the seat, the principles of its



5.—BENCH WITH PANELLED BACK OF LINENFOLD PATTERN: GOTHIC FINIALS SURMOUNT A CRESTING CARVED WITH SEA-SERPENTS IN THE RENAISSANCE MANNER—FROM ORCHARD FARM, MONKLEIGH.



6.—SETTLE FROM THE GREEN DRAGON INN AT COOMBE ST. NICHOLAS.

construction are exactly similar. Here again we have the buttressed uprights and the ogee-headed openings in the feet, while, although much modified, the projection of the stretchers contributes once more to the charm of the design. In the seventeenth century the tables set against the walls of a room were commonly provided with a nest of stools, which were ranged along the stretchers when not in use, and as a consequence forms were seldom made. There are, however, a few specimens in existence, like the one shown in Fig. 4, which with massive blocks forming the feet and finely turned pillars may be taken to date from the first half of the century.

RALPH EDWARDS.